

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

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We recently received the following letter:

ROXBURY, MASS.,
Aug. 24, 1864.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

DEAR SIR—I send you a MS. sketch for publication, which if acceptable, please remit whatever you are in the habit of paying for similar articles, (as regards length, merit, &c.,) to the address below.

I should like one or two copies of the issue it appears in, should you decide to purchase the MS.

Very respectfully, etc.,

EDWARD NEWMAN.

The story sent with this very off-hand communication was called "A Novel Courtship; or, the Lost Wager," by Edward Newman, and proved to be a story by Miss Lucy A. Randall, whose tales our readers well know. It was published in our paper of Nov. 14, 1863, as "Cousin Jack's Courtship; or, the Lost Wager," and was simply copied verbatim of *Literature* by Mr. Edward Newman, whose desire of appearing in print we are happy to gratify. We shall also be happy to assist him in placing his photograph in a fine gallery recently in Broome street, but now in a handsome marble building in Mulberry.

Conclusion of Volume XVIII.

WITH this number we close eighteen volumes of this paper, and thus rapidly approaching the second decade of its existence, we may be pardoned for a feeling of pride at having been the first to establish a successful Illustrated Paper, fully up to the requirements of the time, and consequently possessed of those characteristics which make popularity a result beyond question.

Knowing what the public requires, we spare no effort, no talent, no expense to lay before them, week by week, an illustrated record of all that is exciting, absorbing, curious or interesting in the events of the day.

During the present sad civil war our paper has been a living history. Generals in every section attest the fidelity of our sketches; foreign papers recognise in our illustrations that fidelity, truthfulness and artistic merit which leads them almost uniformly to copy ours in preference to any other illustrations.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper is not only an Illustrated Journal, it is a Family Paper of the highest order. Its Tales, Sketches and Poems, exclusively original, have won a reputation in the country as evincing the highest talent and the soundest moral feeling.

It is our pride here, too, that we have called forth a number of writers whose names will hereafter be an honor to American literature.

Those whose subscriptions expire with the volume should renew them at once, to avoid interruption in receiving the paper.

Atlanta Ours—Grant and Sherman as Peace Ambassadors.

GEN. SHERMAN's magnificently conducted Georgia campaign has at length been crowned with a decisive and comprehensive victory. The capture of Atlanta tells the welcome story. It practically demolishes the rebellion from Georgia to the Mississippi river, and reduces the fighting capacities of Jeff Davis to his armed forces in Virginia.

In tapping the railroad leading South-westwardly, via West Point, to Montgomery, Alabama, after cutting the Augusta road, Gen. Sherman rendered the situation of Hood, within his strong encircling fortifications of Atlanta, exceedingly uncomfortable; but when Sherman's right wing was swung around so as to cover the road leading South to Macon, a stubborn struggle to recover it or a stealthy evacuation of Atlanta, if possible, became the only alternative to Hood. True to his fighting proclivities, right or wrong, he adopted the desperate alternative of risking city and army in an effort to dislodge his powerful adversary at the point of the bayonet from this Macon road; but the forces sent were in turn attacked and routed, and the disastrous consequences, which the cautious Jo. Johnston would have foreseen and avoided, the rash and over-confident Hood rushed into and realized. He abandoned the city, which he was appointed to defend, and, what is worse, he has no place of retreat before him, right or left, which promises him anything more than a few days' security against the complete destruction, dispersion or capitulation of his divided and demoralized army.

The only alternative, in our judgment, now remaining to Hood, if still resolved to "die in the last ditch," is to try the experiment of a junction with Gen. Lee, in Virginia. True, the prospect in this direction is gloomy, for the victorious Yankee army of Atlanta, whatever route he may take, will doubtless follow close upon his trail; but Hood needs assistance, which he can now secure only by a junction with Gen. Lee. In view of some such enterprise, the occupation of the Weldon railroad by Gen. Grant will render him a double service. He then stands *à la* Vicksburg, directly between the army of Lee and the army of Hood, and thus interferes as much with the reinforcement of Lee from the South as with the subsistence of his army in Petersburg and Richmond. In fact, Grant's position on the Weldon railroad is substantially what was the position of Sherman on the Macon road before the late battle, and that a similar result will soon follow we are entirely confident. The spasmodic activity and threatening demonstrations of Early's forces in the Shenandoah valley are much the same as the movements of Wheeler, Roddy and other rebel raiders in the rear of Sherman. They are but the flutterings of the old bird in the grass to divert the sportsman from her nest in the bush at his side, flutterings which Grant and Sherman thoroughly comprehend.

We congratulate the army of readers of this journal on the glorious prospect before us. The Secretary of War has officially announced the cheering intelligence to the country, that instead of the 500,000 men called for by the President in his last order for a draft, 300,000 will suffice for all the purposes of this war; and that "100,000 new troops, promptly furnished, are all that Gen. Grant asks for the capture of Richmond, and to give the finishing blow to the rebel armies yet in the field." With unquestioning faith in Gen. Grant's carefully considered requisition, we entertain the hope that the 100,000 fresh troops, which he is satisfied will enable him to finish up the dismantled Confederacy and tottering despotism of Jeff. Davis, East and West, will, by a just and patriotic people, be promptly supplied. Grant and Sherman are the only peace ambassadors, whose overtures and arguments in behalf of peace are sure to prevail. Let us support these able ambassadors in their convincing negotiations, and we shall soon have peace.

Summary of the Week.**VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.**

A dispatch from the Army of the Potomac says that the reports of the losses in the 5th corps, in the battles of the 18th, 19th and 21st ult., reaching 5,000, greatly exaggerate the facts. It is believed that the aggregate loss will not exceed 3,500. The loss of the 2d corps in Thursday's fight will not exceed 1,200. The rebels are said to be using the Weldon railroad below Beams' station, and running their supplies thence to Petersburg around our left by wagon. As this requires a large force to guard the trains and defend the road against our cavalry, it cannot be either a very profitable or pleasant means of communication. Arrangements have been made

for burying the rebel dead left on the field of Thursday's battle. The fact that the enemy did not do this, and also that they did not carry off their wounded, is palpable evidence that, although they drove back the 2d corps, they did not achieve a complete or creditable victory.

SHERIDAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Merritt's division of Gen. Torbert's cavalry came up to Bradley Johnson on the 28th, and after a sanguinary hand-to-hand fight drove him through and beyond Smithfield.

On the 29th the enemy brought up infantry, but Sheridan sent up Ricketts's division of Wright's 6th corps, whom the enemy withstood about five minutes. In his retreat up the valley Early was pursued by Sheridan with his whole army, and Averill attacked Vaughan's cavalry south of Martinsburg, capturing 20 wagons, two battle flags, many prisoners and a herd of cattle.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The steamer Crescent was recently sent down under convoy of the Admiral carrying 600 rebel officers to place under fire, but the captain, when off Cape Romane, treacherously attempted to run her ashore. One rebel officer did, in fact, escape. The captain is under trial.

GEORGIA.

Wheeler had been operating on Sherman's communications, and though defeated in one or two places met some success. Sherman, as if alarmed at this, ostensibly gave up the siege of Atlanta and pushed his army down to East Point on the Macon road, leaving Slocum (20th corps) on the Chattahoochee. Hood then stationed a part of his army at Jonesboro, and these on the afternoon of the 30th attacked Sherman, whose centre was at Couch's, but the Union General drove the rebels back with heavy loss, broke up the Macon road, and on the 1st of Sept. made a general attack on the enemy at Jonesboro, Gen. Jeff C. Davis carrying the works, with 10 guns and 1,000 prisoners. In the night the enemy retreated to Lovejoy's station. Hood cut off from the best part of his army, with Sherman on his road, blew up the magazines in Atlanta and fled by night. Slocum then marched in.

Kilpatrick had previously been cutting the road to Macon.

ALABAMA.

On the 23d Gen. Granger and Admiral Farragut opened on Fort Morgan. Gen. Page made no reply, but finally raised the white flag.

Contrary to established military usage, the rebel Gen. Page threw away his sword, and caused the complete destruction of the guns and ammunition in the fort; and there is every reason to believe that this was done after the white flag had been raised. The terms of capitulation were the same as in the case of Fort Gaines. The conduct of Gen. Page contrasts most unfavorably with that of Col. Anderson, the Commander of Fort Gaines, who scrupulously preserved everything from the moment he raised the white flag.

FLORIDA.

Col. Harris, with 75th Ohio and some other troops, recently penetrated to Stork, where they destroyed a train. They then advanced to Greenville, and drove in the enemy; but soon after, while resting and eating, were suddenly attacked and thrown into confusion. Col. Harris and a party of his men managed to escape, but many were taken.

MISSISSIPPI.

The steamer Lancaster was fired into 15 miles below Natchez by a rebel battery, supported by cavalry.

KENTUCKY.

Hardensburg was plundered by guerillas on the 23d of August.

Jake Bennet, with a gang, dashed into Owensboro, killed three negro soldiers and a lieutenant of the 3rd Kentucky cavalry.

TENNESSEE.

On the 23d Gen. Gillett, in a fight with the rebels, killed 40, and drove the force from the town. His loss was 25 men, among them Col. Carney mortally wounded.

A dispatch from Louisville, dated August 30, says that the rebel Gen. Wheeler, with his entire force, appeared at the head of the Cumberland river, three miles below Gallatin, captured a company of Federal troops, and were attempting to cross the river the same morning for an advance upon Gallatin. A report has reached Cave City, Ky., that the colonel commanding the Federal forces at Gallatin ordered the depot to be burned, as it was without the range of his guns.

A rebel force estimated at 10,000, with 12 pieces of artillery, were within 17 miles of Nashville, on the Murfreesboro' pike, at daylight on Thursday morning. Gen. Rousseau, with a body of cavalry and infantry, met the enemy's advance early in the morning. Sharp skirmishing commenced with varying success. At last accounts Gen. Rousseau had driven the rebels three miles towards Murfreesboro'.

MISSOURI.

On the 28th of August it was announced in St. Louis that Shelby, with 6,000 men, was about 70 miles below Hoboken, on the Iron Mountain railroad.

ARKANSAS.

Shelby and Marmaduke are said to have attacked Pine Bluff.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Kansas City Journal says it is ascertained by reliable scouts that in less than 20 days a simultaneous attack will be made by the combined bands of Cheyennes, Kiowas, Utes, Snakes, Camanches and Arapahoes on Fort Kearney, Fort Cottonwood, and all along Platte Valley. Every measure is being taken by the whites to give them a warm reception. All the ranches are deserted, and the

proprietors, with their families, are taking refuge in the forts.

The Indians have white leaders, and are better armed than U. S. troops or the militia, as was proved in a recent fight where they inflicted serious damage, while our men were unable to reach them with the guns in their hands.

NAVAL.

The Tallahassee, after plundering and destroying along our coast, ran into Halifax, coalled, and doubtless transacted other business. She then started back to Wilmington, and, in spite of the efforts of our blockaders, ran in, and now lies under the guns of Fort Fisher, giving and receiving a salute as she steamed in. Another privateer entered, and was saluted by Fort Caswell.

The Nicholas Biddle, of New York, was burned off the Brazilian coast by the Florida.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ORDERS have been issued in England that no ships-of-war belonging to either of the belligerent powers in North America shall be allowed to enter any of the British ports for the purpose of being dismantled and sold.

The Niagara, according to a Lisbon telegram of August 13, was in the Tagus. Her intention was supposed to be the interception of the Georgia.

The last advices from Frankfurt show a loss of faith in United States Bonds, large sales having depressed the prices.

Fresh disturbances have broken out in Algiers. The Czar has ordered a reduction of the Russian army.

The difficulty between the American Consul and the Egyptian Government has been satisfactorily adjusted. Order had been restored in Belfast, where there had been no rioting since the 19th of August.

The King of Spain had left France for Madrid. A prospective marriage is announced between Prince Humbert, of Italy, and the Princess Anna Murat—a union which, it is expected, will strengthen the bonds between France and Italy.

The Russian army is to be reduced. The Austrians and Prussians have decided to occupy the Duchy of Holstein.

TOWN GOSSIP.

In all communities there are what may be termed stock topics, which last like wonders, not nine days, but their allotted time. The topics for this week have been two; firstly, the nomination of McClellan for the Presidency, and secondly, the hoped-for suspension of the draft. The next 60 days bid fair to be two of the most exciting months in the whole history of the country. New York is an especially excitable city. Every throb of the country is felt here as though it was the very heart of all the nation. We have now to agitate us the fast coming news from our armies in the field, which bids fair to culminate in that time into something decided. The next two months will decide what policy will rule us for four years more. The streets will be full with squabbling politicians, torch-light processions, banners and loud-mouthed orators. The city will this fall be the receptacle for every shoddyite and speculator from every corner of the land. Money will be plentiful beyond all the past, and everything that can minister to the amusement of passions of mankind will be in full blast. Never before will New York have seen so gay a winter as that now coming, especially so if we have successes with arms, but gay anyhow. The last three years has almost entirely changed the nature of our people, and it will require many years of peace and hard labor to bring them back from the state of recklessness and dissipation into which they have been plunged by this war and its attendant circumstances.

We are now in the very midst of the opening of the season. The theatres are throwing wide their doors and offering all their novelties, the churches are recuperating from their summer sleep, and the Rev. Dr. Blandine, having gathered fresh divinity and nursed his bronchitis in the delightful atmosphere of Newport, Saratoga, or the White Mountains, is once more strong in the pulpit of St. Barabas and devoted to the oiliest road to grace. The schools, with regenerated pupils and bright-eyed teachers, who have been spending their five weeks in the rural outskirts of Binghamton or elsewhere, are recommending their buses, and hum, and machine-like working on through the field of knowledge for another year. Miss Flora McFlinsey is back in town, and can be seen daily at all the leading drygoods establishments, gathering together, with laborious effort, something to wear, and planning out her season. Young Shoddy—Frederic Augustus, we mean—is doing pretty much the same. He has been seen twice in public within the last week, and has been known by a few of his most intimate friends to have had two consultations with his tailor and one with his bootmaker, and was heard openly to declare that Monsieur Vaxend's charge of \$25 for patent leather enough to cover his (young Shoddy's) legs to the top of the calf was "puffetly outrageous." If Vaxend performs his duty and covers the calf we think the charge extremely moderate.

During the week we have seen and conversed with the sensation criminal of the day, Franz Muller, the man who is charged with the murder of Mr. Briggs in the rail car in England, and the result of our talk is an instinctive idea of the innocence of the man. We say this not because we have been influenced by the statements of the prisoner or won by any argument. Of the first he made us little, and of the last offered none. He lacks the gift of the tongue to win any one by either; but yet we put upon record here that we believe Franz Muller guiltless of the crime of which he is charged, and that when the matter comes before a calm English jury, if it ever does, they will reach the same conclusion.

Among the strange sights of a city, we were witness, during the week, to one that we should like to see carried out more effectually, nothing less than the stripping of buttons and shoulder-straps from a bogus colonel in front of the office of the Provost Marshal-General, to the intense delight of a large improvised audience. The man, it appears, had been figuring about town passing himself off for the colonel of the 92d N. Y. volunteers, when some curious individual, a Connecticut Yankee without doubt, began looking into the matter, and finally succeeded in spotting the affair down to its true value, and the "colonel" was handed over to the tender mercies of the Provost, and stripped. There is something strange to us in that ambition which prompts a man, even though he is in the service, to disport his uniform in all kinds of places, at all kinds of times, and be so intensely proud of a pair of shoulder-straps that only cast a suspicion on him that he is skulking from duty while his regiment is possibly suffering in the field. We have not the slightest doubt that one-half the uniforms worn in our streets cover bogus officers, and but for the peril of making a mistake they would be stripped off as we would be colonels.

The week has been an especially lively one in a dramatic way. Firstly, at Miller's, Matilda Heron has been going through the humbug of taking leave of the public in the character of "Camille." The fact simply is that the lady finds herself growing too old and too poorly for the character, and that others are doing it so much better than she ever did that policy dictates she should bestow herself in some other line. During these six nights the house was crowded, and the stereotyped Heron version of the play, which in French is beautiful and spiritual, but in English simply repulsive, was gone through with the same unevenness as we have always been accustomed to, the actress occasionally rising to scenes of great power and finish, and

as often sinking to an outrage both upon nature and art.

That "provincial actor," as the New York Herald drolly calls John E. Owens, has been filling the Broadway theatre, through the week, with an audience that seems appreciative of his provincialism. It will be a long time before New York sees anything better done on the stage than Owens' "Solon Shingle."

The Winter Garden goes steadily on, with Clarke as Major De Boots, in "Everybody's Friend," and "The Rough Diamond," filling the house to that extent that it remains doubtful whether any change will be made this winter.

The Olympic has opened with much of the old company, and a new piece entitled, "Miriam's Crime," of which we shall talk next week.

Niblo's is given up to Forrest three nights a week, with "The Duke's Motto" sandwiched between.

Wallack's will open next week, but no announcement has yet been made of the plan of campaign. We hope that the virtue of paint and puffy will be tried on this house before its reopening.

Barnum has made a great success with his whale, and this week gives us the unfailing attraction of Mr. and Mrs. General Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt; yielding to the exigencies of the times, he has advanced five cents on the price of admission, which we hold to be a modest sum.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The building where the Chicago Convention was held was 638 feet circumference—above 200 feet diameter. It accommodated 15,000.

A nugget of gold weighing eight pounds, and worth \$41,000 in greenbacks, is now at New York.

A Victoria Regia, the giant water lily, is in flower near the New York Central Park. The flower is 10 inches across, of a mixed purple and white color, and exhales a rich and rather oppressive perfume. The leaves of the full-grown plant are from six to eight feet in diameter.

The Washington Star deplores the profane, dissipated character of the present Sunday amusements of that city as follows: "We have now Sunday papers, Sunday streetcars, Sunday dress parades, Sunday gardens, Sunday displays of cyrion equestrianism and barouche exercises, Sunday suburban 'free and easy,' and latest and in-the-fact of the fast and furious amusements of our modern Sunday carnival we have the Sunday down-river excursion, where the gay and festive—those sufficiently sober to stand upon their feet—can trip it on the light fantastic toe to the music of the Marine Band."

The solicitor of the War Department has commenced an action against Surgeon-General Hammond.

The Chicago Convention met on the 25th ult., and after organizing chose Gov. Horatio Seymour as President of the Convention. The result was the following ticket: For President—Gen. G. B. McClellan; for Vice-President—Hon. G. H. Pendleton. The news was received with great rejoicings by the Democrats in all the towns, New York holding a meeting that very evening, when Oakley Hall, Chaucey Schaffer, Douglas Taylor, Caspar C. Childs and Gen. E. B. V. Wright made spirited addresses denouncing the Administration.

The official statement of the public debt on the 30th of August shows the amount outstanding to be \$1,878,565,234, and the interest, in both coin and lawful money, \$77,447,152, or an increase of the public debt since the 30th of August of \$33,073,000, and of interest \$1,029,000. The debt bearing interest in coin is now \$389,899,492; the debt bearing interest in lawful money, \$469,197,000; the debt on which the interest has ceased, \$397,470; the debt bearing no interest, \$519,111,267. The unpaid requisitions are \$78,795,000, and the amount in the Treasury, \$17,189,518. It further appears that since the 30th of August the six per cent. bonds under the acts of July 17 and August 5, 1861, exchanged for seven-thirties, have increased to the extent of \$15,000,000; that the seven-thirty three years notes under the act of July 17, 1861, have been reduced about the same amount, and the six per cent. certificates of indebtedness, under the act of March 1, 1862, increased nearly \$28,000,000.

The Cosmopolitan Club, composed of some of the leading merchants of this city, Boston, Providence, Hartford and of the West, held its first excursion party on the 25th ult., at Providence, the excursion terminating with a grand chowder feast and clam bake at Coles's, on Narragansett bay. By the kindness of the Stonington line, through its agent, Mr. M. B. Simons, the steamer Plymouth Rock and a special train from Groton were placed at the disposal of the club. From Providence the steam yacht Carrie White, Commodore Perry, conveyed the party to the bake. The most pleasurable features of the trip the magnificent supper on the Plymouth Rock and the glorious sail up the Sound were not the least memorable. At the bake—one of those old-fashioned Rhode Island affairs respecting the mysteries of which Rhode Islanders are not at all reticent—the arrangements were perfect, and the guests enjoyed it to the uttermost. Wine, wit, sentiment—toasts to all sorts of official dignitaries—bumpers to the President and Directors of the Stonington Line, and a general flow of good spirits prevailed. The club returned to the city in good season, each individual member thereof feeling at least ten years younger from the trip. The "Cosmopolitan," we understand, have leased a building as a "Club House" in 6th avenue, not far from 23d street. The object of the association or club is merely social, and will, in its regulations, resemble the clubs of London. We cannot omit the opportunity of adding a word of praise in regard to the admirable arrangements of the Stonington line for the comfort and gratification of its patrons. Both the boats of this line are in every sense of the word floating first-class hotels. We cordially commend the line to the consideration of the travelling public the year round, as well as to summer tourists. The connections of the line are always sure, and parties by taking this route have ample time for repose without being troubled by the horrors of Point Judith sea-sickness.

Military.—A Union officer writing from Charleston says they are better satisfied with their treatment at Charleston than anywhere they had been in the Confederacy, both in regard to their receiving more to eat and their being more kindly treated. Six hundred officers arrived at Charleston on the 30th of July, and on the 3d of this month they were still there, confined in the jail and the jail yard. The yard is about 300 feet long and 250 feet wide. The building takes up about one-third of the space. The yard is surrounded by a brick wall about 15 feet high, guarded by sentries inside and outside. One hundred wedge (or A) tents had been issued, and they were pitched in the jail yard. As regards their danger from our own shells, I can simply say that the shelling has been going on for over a year, and I believe the jail building has never yet been struck. However, while we were confined there, the building adjoining the jail was struck, and a number of shells passed over and close to the jail. The buildings on each side of the jail have also been struck; but we never felt in any danger.

The Rochester Express, of the 30th ult., says: "From Mr. Dana, who arrived from Elmira last evening, we learn that an attempt has been made by the rebel prisoners in Elmira to escape from their confinement. They had managed to dig a breach under ground a distance of some 40 feet past the inclosure of the grounds, and under the hospital building. The rebels, when discovered, were briskly engaged at work in the trench, and were mining for a subterfuge. The ditch was only about two and a half feet high, and about three feet under ground, and only two men could get in at a time. They had no tools to work with, and how they managed to get so far in hard gravelly soil is a mystery."

Naval.—Many of the sailors captured at Mobile entered at once into our service, and were very much pleased with the change of flag.

The English navy can boast of 18 armor-plated ships, the smallest of which is 3,716 tons, and the largest 6,621 tons. The combined tonnage of these ships of war amounts to 86,204 tons. Besides these there are several vessels of smaller size, some of which are armed.

The privateer Tallahassee, which has lately employed the best efforts of several of our fastest gunboats, without avail, is reported by the last advices from the blockading fleet of Wilmington, to have run through the feet on the night of the 25th ult., and to be now safely moored under the guns of Fort Fisher. She was discovered by the gunboat Monticello, in the darkness, but after a few discharges of grape and shell her evidently superior speed placed her beyond injury; and she turned up in the morning defiantly riding at anchor under the guns of the fort.

Personal.—Mr. Charles Peters, the well-known comedian, has made a great hit in Boston.

John Mitchell, the vitriol thrower of Dublin, is now serving as a private in the Southern army.

The daughter of Lagrange, the opera singer, has been married to the Russian Prince Ghika; he is said to be very wealthy.

Col. T. B. Thorpe, so well-known as the Bee-hunter, and formerly on the editorial staff of this paper, has been nominated for Congress by the free State men of Louisiana. To his admirable sanitary measures the freedom of New Orleans from yellow fever is principally owing.

Miss Ada Vrooman, the poetess, is preparing a volume of poems for the press.

It is understood that Gov. Seymour will be Secretary of State, should McClellan be elected.

The rebel Gen. Hood who commands at Atlanta is described by a person who has recently seen him as a "white-headed, homely, spindle-shanked fellow, about 32 years of age, and over six feet tall; had been pretty well hacked to pieces; one leg gone, an arm useless; a lot of bruised ribs, and a broken collar-bone."

The British Government has granted a pension of £100 to Eliza Cook, the poetess.

Joseph Howard, Jr., the author of the bogus proclamation, has been released from Fort Lafayette.

Adah Isaacs Menken is about to make her appearance as "Mazepa" at Astley's Amphitheatre in London.

Miss Braddon is announced to edit a new London magazine, to be called the *St. George's Magazine*.

The wife of Gen. Sibley, of the rebel army, has left the Confederacy and come over to the Union. Her husband escorted her to the Federal lines, wished her a good-bye, and returned to rebellion. A strong attachment to the old flag has led her to desert her husband.

President F. A. P. Barnard has written a letter to the New York Times, in which he denies the allegations of Mr. Bledsoe, and declares himself to be a true Union man.

Mr. Dircks, the Englishman who invented the patent ghost, is about to write the life, times and scientific labors of the celebrated Marquis of Worcester. He is going to reprint that curious book, "The Century of Inventions."

Blondin advertises from Vienna that the Blondin of Paris is an impostor; in other words, that he is not himself, but somebody else.

G. W. Curtis has been made an LL.D.

A monument is to be erected in Paris to Beranger.

Obituary.—Brig.-Gen. Daniel Phineas Woodbury, the late commander of Key West and Dry Tortugas, died of yellow fever at Key West on the 15th inst. He was born in 1815, and entered West Point 1832. In 1836 he entered the army as second-lieutenant 3d artillery. He has been actively employed in Oregon, and from 1866 to 1869 was engaged in the construction of Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas. In 1862 he was made Brig.-Gen. of Volunteers. He was killed at Key West with military and masonic honors on the 17th ult. He was the aut. of several scientific works, among which were "The Theory of the Arch" and "On Sustaining Walls." These are now standard works.

The Providence Journal announces the death of William B. Watson of that city, for 40 years one of the most active and prominent politicians of Rhode Island. He was collector of customs at the port of Providence under the administrations of Harrison and Taylor, and held several offices of local trust and profit. He was a zealous political writer of the Whig school, sparing neither friend nor foe in the heat of the contests for which Rhode Island above all other New-England States has been distinguished.

William B. White, a widely-known citizen of Saratoga Springs, died on the 30th of July, aged about 50 years. He belonged to the firm of Clark and White, proprietors of the Congress Spring. As long as Congress water has been known Mr. White has been at the head management of the spring. He knew Saratoga when it had no attractions to compare with Ballston. He saw the large hotels at the commencement, and foresaw that there would be a demand for all the room they could afford.

Miss Margaret E. Breckinridge, daughter of the Rev. John Breckinridge, of Kentucky, died at Niagara Falls, July 27th, of typhoid fever, contracted while nursing wounded soldiers. She entered the hospital service on the Mississippi in 1862. Possessing a fine musical talent, which had been well cultivated, a comprehensive and tenacious memory, and being familiar from the years of her earliest instruction with the sacred truths and promises of the Bible, she soon became a special favorite with the hopelessly sick, the wounded and dying soldiers. Ministering both to their physical and moral wants, when all hope of restoring the suffering body had perished, she strove to rekindle those better hopes which have their fruition beyond the grave. It was in the lowlands of the Mississippi that she was first attacked with one of those obstinate camp diseases which too often become chronic. Leaving the Department of the Mississippi in order to recruit her wasted strength, she spent several months with friends at the East. In May last she entered again upon hospital duty near Philadelphia, but was soon obliged to leave her post by an attack of erysipelas. On partially recovering from this she came to Niagara, for the twofold purpose of sharing the sorrow of a relative who had recently been sorely afflicted by the death of an only brother upon the field of battle, and of recruiting her own health and strength so that she might return again to her labors of mercy. She had even then within her system the seeds of that fatal typhoid fever peculiar to swamps, which was soon developed in all its strength, and of which, complicated with other diseases, she died on Wednesday, July 27.

Accidents and Offences.—A man named John Love and his paramour, Ann O'Neil, were arrested on the 31st of August, charged with killing Nancy Love, wife of the former prisoner, by administering poison to her. The evidence showed the most unmistakable brutality on the part of the two prisoners.

A fire broke out in Montague's feed store, Washington street, Hoboken, just as the people were going to church. Instead of praying the practical Hobokeners set to work and put out the fire, the fire bell entirely drowing the church bell.

As a young man was descending a well near Utica, on the 27th of August, the rope broke about 18 feet from the bottom, and he was precipitated down. In their excitement some of the bystanders loosened the top in their endeavor to save him, and he and another were buried alive. When dug out five hours afterwards their bodies appeared to be perfectly uninjured, but life had been long extinct, the cause of their death being suffocation.

A sawmill and 51 houses were burnt last week in Quebec. It was occasioned by a man emptying the ashes of his pipe on the shavings and sawdust.

Solon W. Rice, aged 28 years, and residing at No. 811 Washington street, was arrested by officer McGuire, of the Second Precinct, charged with having been guilty of stealing letters from the Post-office, and appropriating the contents to his own use. The accused, who is a clerk in the Post-office, was taken before a United States Commissioner and committed. Several letters which he had fished from the mails were found

on his person when he was searched at the station-house.

On the afternoon of the 31st of August as Mr. James Pison and his son were walking near Fordham, they were attacked by a gang of the railway employees, and robbed of their watches, after which they were brutally beaten, as was also an officer who went to their assistance.

Foreign.—The condition of British India was never more prosperous than it is at present. Our own short supply of cotton has given an immense impetus to the cultivation of that staple, and the quality is wonderfully improved since last year.

The French papers have lately become so complimentary to England and Lord Palmerston, as to lead to the conclusion that Louis Napoleon is about to propose to perfidious Albion some scheme for their mutual advantage. The alliance between Russia, Prussia and Austria leaves France in a very isolated condition, as she cannot retire from her meddling propensities, as England can, without a loss of prestige.

A farmer in Kent, England, lately eat a pig-plum in which was a wasp, which stung him in the throat. So rapid was the progress of the poison that he died before medical assistance could be procured.

The Turkish cotton crop is more than fourfold what it was the previous year.

The rebel paper published in London, the *Index*, threatens France and England with the combined vengeance of both North and South when the war in America is over. It says that it will be only retribution for their selfish policy in wishing each to drain the other of their blood and treasure, till they were both so exhausted as to become an easy prey to the Western Powers.

The riots in Belfast had at last been suppressed, but not before much damage to limb and property had been done. Several persons had been shot by the police.

There is interesting news from Mexico. Juarez had left the country, and it was rumored had sought refuge in the United States. His family has already arrived at New Orleans. The French and reactionary Mexican forces are said to have advanced from San Luis Potosi, and now occupy Saltillo, 63 miles from Monterrey, the provisional seat of the government of Juarez. Maximilian is pursuing a conciliatory course, and it is said, has again urged Santa Anna to return to Mexico. He has forbidden the newspapers to abuse the Mexicans who still hold out against him.

Miss Burdett Coutts has just purchased a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's folio for £719 sterling, equal to \$3,500.

The French Government contemplate the abolition of the usury laws and also imprisonment for debt.

A great sensation has been caused in Paris by the arrest of a boy for stealing cats, which his father sold to the cheap restaurants.

A journal devoted to cookery has been started in Paris. It is called the *Gastrophile*.

Mrs. Theresa Yelverton has so many letters of condolence, that she has published a notice, regretting her inability to acknowledge one-half of them, even with the aid of an amanuensis. Nevertheless, she thanks them as much as though she could personally thank them. The family of Major Yelverton gave a grand festival when they heard the verdict of the House of Lords.

Among the frivolities of Fontainebleau is the formation of a new club, consisting of females, under the Pres. entship of the Princess Anne Murat. It is called the Babe Club, and the members are to wear the costume of canotiers, which is composed of red, blue and green Garibaldi, with short petticoats and black straw hats, with straw colored loupes, round which is tied a black ribbon, with the words Babe Club in gold letters on it.

The expatriation of almost the entire Circassian population into Turkey by command of their Russian conquerors, will have the good effect of cutting off the supply of girls for the Turkish harems, and thus silently but surely putting an end to that infamous system of polygamy and concubinage which has made the Ottoman Empire a disgrace to the present century.

Chit-Chat.—The London *Athenaeum* has a very caustic review of the *Pierre Semmes's* book. It likens him to Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard.

The London *Athenaeum*, in reviewing Weiss's *Life of Theodore Parker*, says in all seriousness, that during the excitement of the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston, Theodore Parker was in the habit of writing his sermons with his revolver on his desk before him. It also says that many in Boston believed that his early death was owing to the prayers of those who differed from him in his theological views. In a letter to a lady, Parker had jocularly complained of the bigotry displayed by some of his unknown and volunteer correspondents.

A correspondent writes us that there is a modern Arcadia in New York State, called Hunter's Land, Schoharie county, where the last European news is the death of Queen Anne; where they still venerate Gen. Jackson; where the last newspaper seen is the New York *Standard*, which was discontinued in 1836; and where the post only comes in once a week. It is expected that the news of the present rebellion will reach this happy spot in about ten years.

At a festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave as a toast—"The Editor." He always obeys the call of the devil." An editor responded—"The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

On account of the number of oil wells in this country the *Budget of Fun* thinks it ought to be called *Modern Grease*.

It is said that the recent scandals against Bourcault and Bateman are entirely owing to the machinations of Benjamin Webster, the lessee of the Adelphi. Knowing what a very moral people the English were, he thought a woman the best weapon to employ against his rivals. Mr. Bateman's friends deny all criminality between him and the daughter of Webster's box-book-keeper. These friendships, however, between elderly men and young women, without they are of great intellectual endowments, are always open to suspicion.

The total expenditure thus far for the Central Park has been near \$4,000,000.

New Bedford, Mass., has been settled 200 years this fall. A grand festival will celebrate the event.

Punch and the London *Illustrated News* are to be republished in this country. Carleton has announced his intention of republishing Dickens's "All Round the Year."

The Montreal *Herald* reports that the yellow fever is now raging in Bermuda.

The trial trip of the new iron-plated Italian vessel of war called the *King of Portugal* was a perfect success.

Mr. Gladstone, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just published a translation of the first book of Homer's "Iliad." It is in the measure of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

Dr. Livingston has arrived in England, and is busily engaged in writing an account of his African researches.

Nearly 3,000 miles of railroad have been built in India by the last report.

The *Home Journal* warns silly girls from corresponding with soldiers now in camp or elsewhere, as it perils their reputation. A friend of ours assures us that those letters afford the soldiers considerable amusement, as the recipients of epistles from these fair incognitas of course can have no honorable scruples about reading them aloud. We are told that there is no instance of any of these acquaintances ending in marriage or honorable friendship.

Officers, sutlers, gunsmiths and the public generally cannot do better than purchase their swords, pistols, and every description of fancy, naval and military goods of Charles Folson, 38 Maiden lane.

THE UNION HALL, SARATOGA.

As Saratoga excels all other Watering Places for brilliancy and fashion, so does Union Hall carry off the palm from the Hotels of that far-famed place. It is emphatically the very best of the kind ever opened, and prepared as all were for a triumph worthy of so renowned a maestro as W. W. Leland, he has far exceeded the expectations of his most sanguine friends.

The public have already received from our paper of July 9 some idea of the surroundings and structure of this beautiful establishment, but it required the present season to test that exquisite mansion which has made it par excellence the model fashionable hotel of the continent. So admirably are all the departments arranged, that although there were frequently as many as 1,250 guests in the house at one time, the utmost regularity prevailed and the most assiduous attention was paid to every guest.

The cuisine is also a model for variety and plenty, and everything recherché and solid are always on the table, which is the best ever known in Saratoga.

The public will be glad to learn that Mr. Leland has determined to keep Union Hall open till the 1st of October.

On Friday, August 26, Mr. Leland gave his grand ball, which went off with the greatest eclat. The floor managers were W. S. Wyckoff, W. B. Dinamore, Horatio Perkins, Theodore Meyer, Willie Hoy, John S. Hoy, of New York, and Count Duquesne, of Havana.

The Committee of Arrangements was as follows: Hon. Levi S. Chaffield, Charles Morgan, D. M. Barney, R. Rein, E. C. Kennedy, C. C. Hastings, N. Whiteman, Frank Leslie, S. W. H. Ward, Trumbull Smith, Harry Sanderson, O. D. Munn, Henry H. Leeds, Jacob Vanderpoel, L. J. Phillips, of New York; Henry Keep, of Rochester; Henry Kipp, of Buffalo; George Cortesay, Pedro Roway y Dias, of Havana; S. Ortega, of Port Principe; Hon. James W. Symington, of San Francisco.

The following was the order of dancing: 1. Quadrille, Souvenir; 2. Polka Redowa, Le-poldistalter; 3. Lanciers, Flora; 4. Galop, Champagne; 5. Lanciers, Union Hall; 6. Redowa, Waltz, Semienens; 7. Quadrille, Faust; 8. Galop, Ione; 9. Cuban Dance, 4th November; 10. Lanciers, Season; 11. Polka Redowa, Le-croire; 12. Galop, Pride of the Wind; 13. Quadrille, Monte Cristo; 14. Redowa, Waltz, Jubilee; 15. Lanciers, German.

At ten o'clock the doors of his grand dining hall were thrown open, and then there streamed into it such a tide of brilliant and intellectual humanity that seldom has such a scene been witnessed. The music was excellent, and until two o'clock in the morning, when the programme was exhausted, all was gaiety and dancing. The refreshments were bounteous and recherché, and the decorations of the hall well arranged.

The *Daily Saratogian* says: "Throughout the evening, and until two o'clock in the morning, when the programme had been exhausted, the cheerful volubility of healthful and innocent mirth fairly filled the great room, and even the famous pianist himself found its attractions so great that he too spent much of the evening in 'keeping step to the music of the Union.' In every respect the ball was a success. No undue restraint chilled the company or dulled the current of its enjoyment. Everything passed off easily as among a gathering of old acquaintances, and dance succeeded dance with a promptness that was of itself exhilarating and provocative of the highest spirits, thanks in no small degree to the well-directed and assiduous efforts of the gentlemen who kindly discharged the duties of floor-managers."

"What shall we say of the charming array of female fashion and beauty which graced the occasion? That task demands the pen of a poet, and we possess it not. A striking point in the scene was the brilliant tascinations of the dark-eyed daughters of Cuba, so many of whom grace the salons of the Union during the present season. One of them we especially remarked, with clear, rich, dark complexion, eyes whose brightness is only equalled by their depth of blackness, hair rivaling the raven's hue, and with a tall, stately and graceful form which Zenothe might have regarded in her mirror with a blush of pardonable and pleasurable pride."

Among the belle des belles was Mrs. G—, of New York, whose classic face and superb form never appeared to greater advantage. She wore a toilette which bore upon it the stamp of Parisian elegance, of blue gaze de soie, richly trimmed with blue silk and point lace, with Pompadour corsage, and blush rose buds and point lace in her hair, which was combed back high above her brow, forming a natural coronet which suited well her regal style of beauty.

Next we may notice Miss S—, of San Francisco, who was tastefully attired in a white puffed tulle dress, trimmed with blue ornaments of coral completed a very youthful and becoming toilet.

Mrs. M—, of New York, wore a rich dress of pearl-colored silk, ornamented with flowers which rivalled nature in their delicacy of coloring. Over arms and shoulders, exquisite in their symmetry and whiteness, was thrown a superb point lace shawl. Her brilliant conversational powers and genial manners made Mrs. M—, as usual, the centre of a large and admiring circle.

Mrs. McV—, of Chicago, wore a superb dress of green silk, tastefully ornamented with point lace. Over her shoulders was a mantle of crimson cashmere, elaborately ornamented with white, which was worn with the green peculiar to Mrs. McV—, and contrasted with and lighted up the lustrous bands of black hair which form such a glorious frame to her lovely and sympathetic face.

Prominent among the juvenile belles was Miss Mary McV—, in rose-colored silk. We scarcely know whether most to admire this young lady in the salon, where her rich voice so full of power and pathos greets our ears, or in the ballroom, as our admiring eyes follow her graceful little form through the mazes of the dance.

Miss M—, of Hackensack, N. J., was most becomingly dressed in white silk, with low neck and short sleeves, her luxuriant hair tastefully ornamented with natural flowers.

Mrs. S—, just from Peru, wore a dress of richest white rug silk, which hung in classic folds upon her slight and elegant form. Her hair, which fell in rippling ringlets to her waist, was confined at the back of the head with a barbe of point lace fastened with a diamond star. A parure of diamonds and opals completed a toilet unique in its simplicity and richness. Mrs. S—, as usual, was the nucleus of a large group of foreigners.

The Misses W—, of New York, were elegantly dressed in white tulle, trimmed with blue.

Miss B—, of New York, looked charmingly in white tulle, the freshness and beauty of which was unspotted by the admixture of any color.

Prominent among the stately dames who honored the scene by their presence was Mrs. H. T. M—, of New York, robed in white silk, richly trimmed with black lace, and ruffles of white ribbon. A point lace shawl graced her shoulders; her head-dress was of point lace, flowers and marabout feathers, and diamonds in elegant profusion flashed from many a setting.

Mrs. J. F. S—, was arrayed in crimson silk, trimmed with point lace flounce, velvet and ribbon, and head-dress of marabout feathers, interspersed with flowers.

Mrs. Chancellor W— was also present, dressed with her usual elegance and good taste.

Mrs. F—, of New York, with much admired in rich rose-colored moire antique, with white lace waist and point lace head-dress.

And here we must peremptorily close our all too brief notice, much as we would like to say something of Mrs. V. D. P—, of New York, and her three charming daughters; of Mrs. M—, of Albany; Mrs. B—, of Troy, and a long additional array of those who contributed so gracefully to a scene of festivity that will be remembered by its participants even when they live to other scenes.

We regret that our space will not allow us to dwell longer on one of the most charming balls of the season—certainly the most delightful that has ever taken place in Saratoga. We must not omit to say that the courteous and elegant host greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening by that kindly presence which gave to the vast and brilliant apartment that house look which adds welcome to enjoyment.



Fitzhugh's Battery.

BATTLE OF SUMMIT POINT, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21st, BETWEEN GEN. WILSON'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.

Rebel Skirmishers.



Turnpike to Charlestown.

VIEW OF THE FRONT FROM THE UNION LINES ON JACKSON HILL, VA.

Turnpike to Harper's Ferry, Jackson Hill.



Judge Hunter's House.

FIGHT OF DUFFIE'S CAVALRY NEAR HUNTER'S HOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA., COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE UNION FORCES.
SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

IN VAIN.

CLASP closer arms, press closer lips,
In last and vain caressing!
For never more that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing.
For these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even;
She waits you now—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you for ever.
She heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild bee's humming;
The last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, "Is he coming?"

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover;
Safe—never to be rung again
By you, a fickle lover!
Your wrongs to her knew never end,
Till earth's last bonds were riven;
Your memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,
Vain your remorseful weeping;
For she, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
Go—not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken—
Go, pray to God, "Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."



THE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning I related to Mr. Pledwell what had occurred, and told him what I intended to do. He approved the purpose to let Maxwell take away the furniture, and so to clear him out and get rid of him. And then he sat for some time with his usual thinking aspect on. At length extending his arm and putting his hand in a fatherly way upon mine and gently pressing it, he said:

"Hart, I have been exercised about telling you for some time past, indeed ever since your marriage and the acquaintance I formed about that time, that I am in love."

"Sir!" I exclaimed. Surely there was the least symptom of that twinkle about the eye which every stereotyped jurymen in town knew as well as I did.

"Yes, over head and ears in love."

"With whom, sir?"

"The widow Lyne—your mother-in-law."

"Mr. Pledwell, you are joking."

"Well, perhaps I am; you shall be the judge. I am now about forty-eight years old, and for a bachelor that is entirely too old to think of marrying, and so I thought of taking your mother as my daughter."

"I don't quite understand you, sir."

"Not yet, I suppose; but you will before I can arrange with her, as you must be a party to it. I am tired of my hotel life. Perhaps I should hardly say that, however. I want something more. I want a home, Jack, and I have a fancy that I could live more happily with you and your wife and mother-in-law than with anybody else. I have no family, no kindred, who know or care anything about me."

"Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed, "nothing could so gratify us as to have you in our house; and I am sure—"

"But, stop a bit, Jack. I don't like the boarding-house. I don't want to be one of a promiscuous household of that sort. It would be all very well if I were younger. Now, if we can manage to make it pay Mrs. Lyne better to give up the boarding-house, do you think she would do it?"

"If it did not appear as a gratuity, I suppose she would, sir."

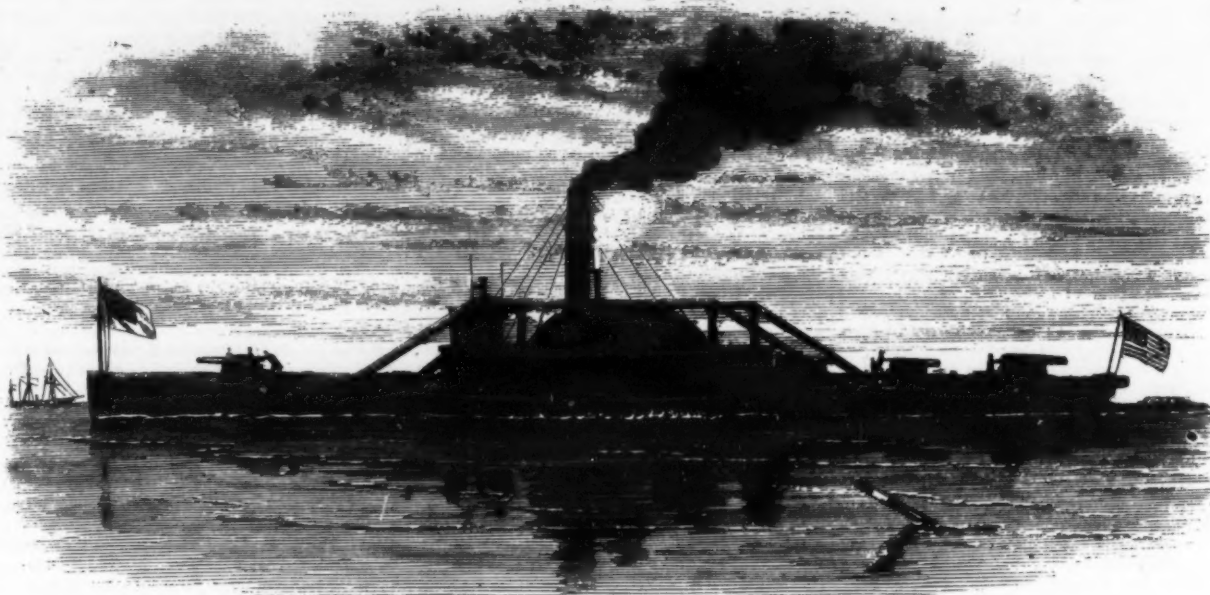
"Gratuity—stuff. If I choose to pay a thousand dollars a week for my board, what is there of gratuity in it? Whatever I may propose I am not going to encumber it with a bond for another daughter, if she has one, or for herself."

"Clara is her only child, sir."

"And she is already in possession, without a reversion, I trust."

"And I hope so too," said I. And between his kindness and such a thought of Clara I began to feel a little moistening of the eye.

"Now, Hart, I happen to own a house in —"



THE STEAMER SELMA, CAPTURED IN MOBILE BAY BY THE METACOMET, AUGUST 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANCIS M'CARTEN.

street, No. 41. You know it. It will be vacant the day after to-morrow."

"What, that handsome, fashionable brown —"

"Never mind about the handsome and fashionable and all that. I bought the house last week. Now, I have been thinking since that if Mrs. Lyne would be housekeeper there I would make it satisfactory to her, and we'll all live together."

I was delighted, and could not repress the exhibition of my grateful anticipation of so much pleasure.

"But," said I, "Mr. Pledwell, I think it is more than likely that Tom Warren will presently marry the widow."

"Very well, so much the better. Then she will be his housekeeper too—when he is in port. If he is the good fellow you take him to be, I will take him for a son-in-law, willingly."

There was one other thought, but I hesitated to express it. Clara had become so sacred to me now that I was induced to lean towards him and actually to whisper—

And then he lifted his eyebrows with well-affecting wonder, and exclaimed:

"Is it possible?"

I nodded, with an augmenting sense of my importance.

"Wonderful! But upon my honor, Jack, I have heard of such things happening as a consequence of matrimony before." And he laughed jovially, I tell you—and so did I.

"But I thought it might not be pleasant for you, sir."

"As I have not been accustomed to domestic squalls, eh? Never you mind about that. We'll make lawyers of him and his unto the third and fourth generation."

"But it might be a girl, you know, sir."

"Ah, so—it might! Then we'll have to amend the plan and make a lawyer's wife of her. If your mother-in-law likes the proposition, which we will arrange in detail hereafter, tell Clara I shall enter no demurrer in the other case, up to a dozen. And we will have such fun with them, especially at Christmas, Jack, at—Santa Claus, you know, and all that."

I went home with such a happy heart, wondering that this man was a bachelor. I felt confident that there was some hidden cause, some tale of disappointed affection that he could unfold.



PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT BECOME FRIENDS.

And they were overjoyed at the house. Mrs. Lyne recovered from her nervous depression with the elasticity of hope expanding into fruition. And the next day there was as nice a little party going a-shopping as ever you saw, in a neat, low carriage bought for the occasion and future uses, as a fit appendage of the new house. There was dear Clara, of course, of the first importance—and we were all very careful of dear Clara, I can tell you, and Mr. Pledwell not the least so; but he escorted mama Lyne, and there was no end of the things we bought. Clara whispered to me that the storekeepers would think some prince had come to town and was furnishing his palace. Yet it was all good, never gaudy; substantial, and blending use with ornament. I was astonished at the exquisite taste which Mr. Pledwell displayed in his quiet suggestions.

"I used to think rather hard of lawyers, John," Clara whispered to me, "but if there were only plenty more such men as Mr. Pledwell, what a world this might be, as one of my songs says."

"And plenty more such darlings as you," I said; and her dear little hand pressed my arm.

"He is a noble man, though."

The boarders were dismissed in the course of a few days, after a special festive occasion; and we made a truly pleasant evening of it. The house was surrendered, and at the expiration of a week Captain Wraxall was notified that the five hundred dollars in bank had been transferred to his account, and that he could remove his furniture. It was sold at auction, and I concluded that we had done with Captain Wraxall. But it was not so.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM WARREN, who, with a due regard to the proprieties, had not expected and did not seek to go with us, had taken a new boarding-house. He came to the office one day and told me that Wraxall was up to something. He had muttered to him that we thought we were clear of him, but he would swamp us yet. And sure enough one morning we received a declaration from Muddle & Fogg—who had at one time aspired to be considered the rivals of Pledwell & Hart—of a suit they had entered for breach of promise of marriage, on the part of Henry Wraxall vs. Clara Hart, née Lyne, Harriet Lyne and John Hart.

"Breach of promise!" exclaimed Mr. Pledwell;

"that's the form in which we are to wind up with eh?"

"So it appears. But I should think we might effect a compromise."

"How?"

"By paying him a reasonable amount."

"Not one cent—for tribute. Compromise, forsooth! Look here—damages laid at twenty thousand dollars!"

"Why, the man is a fool!"

"Is he? He claims 'mental distress and aber-



SEEKING FOR A FLAW.

ration; inability to perform the duties of his station; acts inconsistent with necessity;—that means the twelve-pounders and muskets—loss of confidence with the owners of the Warlock; their disesteem; and finally, general ruin of reputation.' That looks serious, don't it? Talk of a compromise! Yes. He has laid his damages at twenty thousand dollars. He will compromise with you for thirty thousand!"

"He certainly could not have suffered in mind to that degree, Mr. Pledwell. Do you think it is possible that he cut those capers at Singapore, with a view of using them in this way, for a breach of promise of marriage?"

"Indeed, I can't conceive. He was pretty shrewd if he did. The ship and owners have received no real damage, I judge. I know one of the owners very well, and will ascertain something on that point. No doubt Muddle & Fogg have made up the case from Wraxall's facts, such as they are, pretty adroitly. And you see, by including the widow in the declaration, they have excluded her evidence about the bills and the gift of the property. The odious feature of a bargain for the daughter—odious as it is in its relation to the sharp practice of Wraxall—can't be brought out. You are concluded in the declaration, as a matter of course, as a party to the violation of the contract."

"But, Mr. Pledwell, would it not be better to make an effort to prevent the issue coming to trial?"

"Wherefore?"

"The publicity of the thing."

"Pooh, pooh—notoriety—a good advertisement—notoriety, if it is not dishonorable, and then—popularity. I wouldn't miss the case upon any consideration. We'll have it recorded among the causes celebres."

What good humor and unflinching spirits! What a support to a young man in the world is such a noble specimen of human nature as Philip Pledwell.

Clara received the intelligence of the breach of promise with the utmost equanimity; and even Mrs. Lyne, in her new home and with such pleasant experiences, said she would not trouble herself about it, as long as Mr. Pledwell would be in the case.

"And Hart, mama," I added.

"And only think," said Clara, archly, "you had no idea when I married you, John, that I was worth twenty thousand dollars, had you?"

And then we laughed heartily at that.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" I exclaimed. "Why, darling, I thought you were worth twenty millions, and I have found you worth to me more than a diamond mine—you are a wealth of happiness, Clara, and there is no measure or standard for that."

CHAPTER IX.

THE trial could not come on till the ensuing term. The Warlock was in dock for repairs, and so the captain was at no inconvenience in waiting. We had determined to press the case and have an end of it as speedily as possible; so that upon the instant it was called at the next term we were "ready." Muddle & Fogg and their client were evidently as eager as we were determined. Upon the call of the case, therefore, we went to trial.

The plaintiff produced the "bond," which, of course, we did not contest. We knew that we should have to rely mainly upon the jury, their common sense and the equity of the case. It is a professional adage, that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client; but, in spite of the adage, I had resolved to be "engaged for the defence." I was really no party to the original bond, and was only concluded in the declaration as one with my wife, and pecuniarily responsible for whatever damages might be awarded by the verdict. The signatures to the "bond" were admitted, but we could not bring out the fact that they were made as part of a contract: In fact we could not put our only witness, Captain Wraxall, upon the stand.

The bond admitted, then followed the admission of the marriage; and then Tom Warren was called by the plaintiff, and he took the stand.

By this witness plaintiff's lawyers proved the strange and erratic conduct of Captain Wraxall on learning of the marriage. His great anger and threats of vengeance. His arming the ship and other vagaries.

"And what was your opinion of all this?" demanded Fogg.

"Well, I thought it was queer," said Tom.

"Did you not think that Captain Wraxall was crazy?"

"I thought he was acting very strangely."

"Did you express the opinion to any one, to your companions on board, to any of the crew, or to any one on shore, that he was crazy?"

"I did not."

"Reflect, sir; for though you are our witness, we have reason to believe you are an unwilling one."

"I shall speak the truth, sir."

"No doubt of that, sir—no doubt of that. You know the consequences of not speaking the truth too well to do otherwise, Mr. Warren."

"I don't care a d—dry biscuit about the consequences. I will speak the truth, whatever the consequences may be."

There was a general smile at Tom's narrow escape.

"Did you write to anybody, Mr. Warren—the owners of the Warlock, for instance—about the captain's conduct?"

In an instant I saw that the letters to the widow came into Tom's mind. He colored hugely—I should say he paled. The bronzed face was wonderfully modified by the red.

"I did write and express an opinion."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it. And to whom was this opinion expressed?"

"To Mrs. Lyne."

And the upshot of it was that Tom's letters to the widow were brought into court by subpoena. Tom looked appealingly at me. I addressed the court and demanded that, as they were private letters, their honors should examine them and suffer the reading only of such points as related to the case. The counsel on the other side consented, and, accordingly, Tom's sensitiveness was relieved with regard to certain love passages contained therein. He furtively observed the old gentlemen on the bench, as one of them, in an undertone, ran over Tom's plain caligraphy, and perhaps saw, as I did, an occasional phantom of a smile upon their venerable faces. One of them copied from two letters certain passages, which were read. It was enough that they expressed their belief that the captain was "crazy," and that the loss of Clara had driven him crazy. This was crushing to Tom, and he felt it ten times more than I did. He thought he had very innocently ruined us all. We put him on the stand.

"What did you actually mean when you used that word 'crazy' with respect to the captain?" I asked.

"I meant that he was acting like a crazy man."

"Did you think he was actually crazy?"

"No, sir."

"Had you thought he was crazy, would you not have taken such measures?"

Mr. Fogg was on his feet.

"I object to that question, your honor. It is a leading question beyond doubt."

Their honors bowed, as I knew they would, but I had got Tom where I wanted him.

"Well, then, Mr. Warren, I ask you what you would have done if you had believed Captain Wraxall to be crazy?"

"I should have informed the consignees in Singapore and had him removed. I should have written home to the owners; and, if necessary, I would have taken command myself."

"You certainly would not have gone to sea with a mad captain," I remarked, with a look to the jury.

"Of course not."

"Another suggestion," said Mr. Fogg.

"I have done, sir—I have done. The witness can go down."

It was three o'clock, and the court was adjourned.

CHAPTER X.

THE case looked rather bad; it might be troublesome. Mr. Pledwell did not like it, but we were determined on a stiff battle before the jury. We

were consulting together in the evening at home over some means by which to bring out the secret conditions of the bond, when the bell rung and Tom Warren was ushered in. He came partly to learn how the widow bore the exposure of the letters, but he had a little business with us first.

"I suppose I have done all the mischief I can," he said, rather solemnly; "and so I concluded to see if I could do any good."

"I think that is rather beyond you, Tom," said Mr. Pledwell, "unless you can help us in a legal difficulty."

"Well, I can try, Mr. Pledwell. I noticed that the bond which was read in court to-day was dated the 28th of November. Now I don't know that it amounts to anything, but the fact is that the logbook of the Warlock proves that we left port at nine P.M. on the 27th, and that we were then towed down the river by the tug Hercules forty miles, where we anchored at five A.M. of the 28th. We laid there all that day, according to the log, and Captain Wraxall never quitted the vessel after we left port."

"Are you sure of this, Tom?" we both asked, in almost the same breath and the same words.

"I am sure of it."

"How came you to remember it?"

"Because I discovered the mistake one day when we had been about a month at sea, and told Captain Wraxall about it, and asked if I should correct it. He answered, sharply and surly, that it was no mistake; he had made the entry himself and knew what he was about. Did I think he was drunk when he came aboard? I had better mind my own business, and more of the same sort. And the fact is," Tom added, "I thought he was drunk when he came aboard that night, and I know he drank a good deal for two or three days afterwards. And I concluded that, having made a mistake while drunk he did not like to make the correction, because it would be a sort of admission, you know."

"Where is the logbook, Warren?"

"I guess it's aboard."

"We'll have it up to-morrow and see what we can make of it. Can you get a sight of it before we issue a subpoena for it?"

"If it's aboard I can."

Early in the morning Tom went aboard, and at breakfast time called at the house with the information that he had seen the log, and it was unaltered; the dates were exactly as he had stated.

Upon the opening of the court I demanded a subpoena for the logbook of the Warlock issued against the owners. I was determined to keep the captain's hands off.

"If it please the court, Mr. Warren, plaintiff's witness, will accompany the deputy-sheriff; he knows where the book can be instantly found."

And they went off.

I noticed Captain Wraxall in immediate and apparently uneasy conversation with his counsel. They evidently wanted to know the meaning of the demand for the logbook, and Wraxall was explaining. It is a point of honor with the profession not to listen to consultations between opposing attorneys and client, but one cannot help hearing, and I distinctly heard Wraxall say:

"I was about half drunk."

The testimony of the logbook was anticipated then.

"Gentlemen," from the bench, "proceed with the case. Have you any more witnesses?"

"Oh, a dozen, your honors. We have the owners of the Warlock, if it is necessary, as to the appearance of the ship when she came into port; but we have the whole crew as to the conduct of our client—enough to justify any jury in awarding double the damages claimed—vindictive damages to any amount."

"Mr. Fogg," I cried out, "you are not before the jury yet. Call your witnesses."

And a long string of them was called, and most of them answered and were examined, and they proved pretty much everything that Fogg wanted. The facts of the twelve-pounders, the portholes, the muskets, the ammunition, were proved over and over again, ad nauseam, and until I began to suspect that Wraxall had contemplated piracy, and threw out a suggestion to that effect. And thereafter they "hailed off on that tack," as Tom said, and believed, "under the captain's orders."

Well, they closed for the plaintiff, with the exception of rebutting testimony, and I called Warren to the stand.

"Mr. Warren, open that book and state to the court and jury what is the date at which the Warlock left port on her last voyage."

"It is the 27th of November, at nine P.M."

"Was the captain on board?"

"He was, sir."

"When did he leave the ship after that date?"

"Not till we got to Rio, sir."

"You are quite sure of that?"

"Quite, sir."

"And what of all that?" asked Fogg.

"Why, sir, that Captain Wraxall was not on board the Warlock, miles down the river, making entries in the ship's log, and at Mrs. Lyne's house, in —, at one and the same time. Either Captain Wraxall's log proves him negligent, incapable, unworthy of his position, 'crazy,' if you please, sir, before the breach of promise; or his is not the signature on the bond. You cannot prove his signature on the bond, for you cannot call Mrs. Lyne or Mrs. Hart to the stand, and certainly not Captain Wraxall, for if we could get him there we would prove him to be a most shameless —"

"May it please the court, the gentleman is transcending his privilege," exclaimed Fogg in a flurry of wrath.

"May it please your honors," I continued, taking the logbook from the table, and proceeding to throw it open for the page of entry; but I had no sooner put my eyes upon a blank page than the color of the paper, a distinct watermark and that never-to-be-forgotten smell almost overpowered me. What I was going to say had passed out of

my mind, and I was as completely out of court as if I had been in the sky.

"Mr. Pledwell, say something," I whispered, "and go on with the case till I examine this book."

And at that moment I was confident that I held a clue direct—a handful of them, they were cumulative, painfully so, in less than a minute—to the murder of Hafin, as I was ten minutes later when it was beyond doubt. In turning to the end of the book, and I did so stealthily, there was actually a torn page, the torn page the very shape of the fracture.

"Mr. Pledwell, don't let this book go out of your sight, whatever you do, till I return. I will be back in five minutes," I whispered.

I would have told him what I had discovered, but I had already experienced the embarrassing effect of the discovery on me in proceeding with the case in hand.

"May it please your honors," said Fogg, before Mr. Pledwell was on his feet, "the other side have already admitted the bond—"

"That was before we had the slightest idea of such testimony as this," said Mr. Pledwell; "and done by my colleague in all honor, and with the sole view of expediting the issue of the case."

"Very well—very well," interposed Fogg. "Now let me ask Mr. Warren a question. Mr. Warren, do you not know that this is an error of date, an error in the entry; and that, in point of fact, the ship left port on the night of the 28th of November, and not on the night of the 27th?"

"It is an error of entry, and the ship certainly did not leave port till the night of the 28th. I discovered the error—"

"I don't wish for anything more, sir. You can sit down."

"But I do," ejaculated Mr. Pledwell. "You discovered the error, did you not, Mr. Warren?"

"I did, sir, when we were about a month at sea. I informed Captain Wraxall that it was an error, and suggested its correction."

"Well, sir?"

"The captain denied that it was an error; insisted that it was all right; told me I had better attend to my own business—it was my business, in fact, as much as his, to see that the log was right—and ordered me to let the book remain as it was."

During this last proceeding I had returned into court, and with the logbook in my lap, concealed by the table, had adjusted that piece of paper which bore Hafin's unfinished communication to Pledwell & Hart to the torn page. It fitted exactly. How strange that it should have been left there to tell the tale! I then rose with the book in my hand, and advancing towards Warren, held it open at about the middle towards his face.

"Witness," I said, "will you be good enough to tell the court what is the cause of the peculiar odor which this book exhales?"

The words emphasized, and a look at Mr. Pledwell enlisted his attention.

"The cause of it, sir, is simply this. The book was on a former voyage stowed with some other things in a locker, amongst a quantity of sandal wood, and the water during the voyage got into the locker, from the bilge pumps. It is a mixed smell of bilge water and sandal wood."

I then resumed my place, told Mr. Pledwell what I had discovered, consulted with him, and we arranged our plan. He went to the sheriff, informed him that his services were required to arrest and secure Wraxall against flight, or any act of desperation, as we were about to charge him in open court with murder. Flight by the door was impossible, the area beyond the railing being densely crowded. But the windows at the side were open, and he might make a rush that way. Cautioning the sheriff against any exhibition of astonishment, Mr. Pledwell advised him to move carelessly round within the bar, and as the accusation was made to step close up to Wraxall, so as to have him completely in his grasp should it be necessary. These preliminaries being concluded, I rose.

"May I beg the court to suspend this case for a moment?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"I have to ask your honors to issue a bench warrant immediately."

"Against whom, Mr. Hart?"

"Against Henry Wraxall, master of the ship Warlock."

Wraxall started to his feet, and made a step or two towards me. His counsel were also up in an instant.

"Against me!" exclaimed Wraxall, furiously, thinking, as he afterwards confessed, that it was on account of his conduct on board ship, and that we had finally appealed successfully to the owners.

"Against me—what for?"

"For the wilful murder of John Hafin!" I exclaimed, in clear and deliberate tones, which were heard by every one in court.

Wraxall, instead of showing violence or desperation, turned ashy pale, livid, so utterly and rapidly did the blood recede upon his heart. His jaw dropped, he quailed in abject terror, and presently shook from head to foot as with an ague; but before the heart could react and send back its sustaining vitality, he reeled and would have fallen prostrate, had not the sheriff caught him in his arms.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene in the court-room, within or without the bar. It may be readily conceived, as far surpassing that of any dramatic fiction. The crowd without most remote from the railing pressed fearfully upon those in the interior, and until the officers of the court could exert their authority and influence there was great cause for apprehension that some would be crushed to death. Within the bar, the sheriff had succeeded in removing Wraxall to a small retiring apartment in one corner of the court-room, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his counsel, who had the audacity to declare the proceeding "a trick of the defence, in its despera-

tion." Order having been restored, the court demanded upon what information I made the charge and asked for the arrest; and ordered me to be sworn.

I gave a succinct account of the facts known to the reader, as they transpired at the office of Pledwell and Hart three years preceding, and exhibited the bit of paper on which Hafin had commenced his note to us. I asked the court to test the odor of that bit of paper, and then that of the book, and to follow it up by comparing the irregular edge of the former with the torn page of the latter. The color of the paper would be found to be same, and the water-mark, which had been severed nearly in the middle, corresponded. There was not room for a doubt that the piece of paper was torn from that book, and with the change of date in the log and other circumstances, I felt free to take the oath, that I had good and reasonable ground to believe that Henry Wraxall was the man whom I saw leaving the court in which our office was situated, with something under his arm, which I believed to be a large book, on the night of the 28th November, 18—, and that he had then and there committed the homicide in question.

The court, without a dissenting voice, approved the demand, concurred in the sufficiency of the *ex parte* evidence, and issued the warrant which was immediately served. Messrs. Muddle and Fogg then asked permission to consult with their client, which was granted, but, on approaching the door they were refused admittance. The sheriff stated that the prisoner was too much agitated to see any one, and had positively declined to see his counsel at present.

The court suggested that something must be done with the case on trial. Muddle asked the court to adjourn, but this was refused. He then wanted the case postponed. The court thought the position of the plaintiff ought not to delay progress. We asserted our purpose to go into proof with reasonable inference, that Wraxall's conduct from the time the homicide was committed, and the date in the logbook had been falsified, was the effect, solely, of a restless conscience, and not of the breach of promise. Finally, we agreed upon a suggestion of the court, that a nominal verdict should be taken for the plaintiff, and each party to bear his or her own costs, with one cent damages, without prejudice, and should there appear to have been a mistake in the matter otherwise pending against the plaintiff, he could move for a new trial, and it would certainly be awarded. The jury were instructed so to render their verdict, and they did, with a written statement that it was under the direction of the court; otherwise they would have found for the defence, inasmuch as they would not hold any lady nominally responsible for "breach of promise," with respect to any man charged with the crime of murder. This was somewhat extra-judicial on the part of the jury it is true, but the court suffered the protest to go on the record. And thus ended our breach of promise case, after a fashion entirely unexpected by any of us, and under circumstances which really threatened to exalt it to the calendar of *causes celebres*.

CHAPTER XI.

THE news had reached home before us, for Tom Warren was there and dined with us. After dinner, as we sat over a glass of wine puffing our cigars, and discussing the next phase of the Wraxall affair, which was now transferred to the criminal court and the custody of the attorney-general, there came a ring at the door. A servant entered the room. A man, named Sutton, wished to see Mr. Hart. I proceeded to the hall, and found, as I expected, Sutton, a deputy-warden of the jail.

"Ah, Sutton, how are you? What's the matter? Some client of yours got into your hands this evening?"

"Not exactly, sir. It is a client of Muddle and Fogg's. The captain wants to see you, sir, afore he goes to bed to-night. He's in an awful way, sir."

"The captain," I ejaculated; "what captain?"

For I thought he meant the warden of the jail, whom the subordinates sometimes designated in that way.

"Captain Wraxall, you know. He was sent over to-day—"

"Wants to see me?"

"Wants to see you, sir."

"You have come to the wrong party, Sutton. It must be Muddle or Fogg he wants to see."

"No, sir! It is you, and he gave me a dollar to come over after you, and two dollars to pay for a hack, and here it is at the door."

I returned to my friends and stated this strange bit of information. Mr. Pledwell was inclined to think that Wraxall meditated some revenge, and objected to my going; but I could not think that.

"At all events take Warren with you."

And Warren insisted upon my consent, and off we went, Sutton mounting to a place by the driver.

At the jail I learned that the warden and doctor were both with Wraxall, who was pacing his cell to and fro in great distress. They were apprehensive he might do himself some injury, and were about to put officers on guard. Wraxall was notified that I had arrived and would see him, with Warren.

"He was much gratified that I had come," the warden said, who came to me from his cell, "but he wants to see you alone. He objects to Mr. Warren."

"Do you know what he wants, Mr. Warden?" I asked.

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Do you think he means mischief?" demanded Warren.

"Not a bit of it. One glance at him will satisfy you that the mischief is out of him. But you can put this little revolver in your pocket, and I will

tell Sutton to put the handcuffs on him before we leave the cell. You will be perfectly safe."

And I proceeded with the warden to his cell. He was then seated with his head in his hands, reclining upon the table, which his face must have touched. He looked up as we entered, and so changed in his aspect that I could scarcely recognize him; the shape of his face and unchanged beard were the remains of resemblance.

"Oh, Mr. Hart, I thank you for this—I thank you for this. I didn't know whether you would come. Won't you give me your hand? I am not guilty as you think I am."

I took his hand frankly, and pressed it assuringly.

"Captain, I am really sorry to see you in this predicament, but I cannot accuse myself at all."

"No, no, Mr. Hart. You have done right. But I don't want to say anything more till I have had a talk with you alone."

Sutton advanced, in compliance with the warden's whispered orders, to put on the handcuffs; but I would not allow it. In fact, I returned the revolver to the warden privately. There was no need of that. And they retired from the cell, and we two, who had begun that day as bitter enemies, were locked up together. An hour later I tapped at the little shutter which closed over the grating without, and asked the guard who had been within call in the corridor to release me. He opened the door, and looked into the cell.

"Where's the captain?" he exclaimed, as if he thought I had spirited him away.

"There in his bed, and fast asleep, and quiet in mind and comfortable as a child."

The guard entered, listened to his breathing to satisfy himself that he was there, and alive, and retiring, looked up his prisoner for the night. And I left the jail, assured that Captain Wrazall was innocent of the charge of murder, and having also assured him that I would effect his acquittal in a few days.

CHAPTER XII.

On the next day I had an interview with the attorney-general, and related all the facts in the case with the evidence to him. He would, had I suggested it, have entered a *nolle prosequi*, I am confident. But I concurred with his opinion, that for the sake of all parties, and for the satisfaction of the public mind, the case had better come to trial before a jury.

Accordingly, three days afterwards, the captain was arraigned, pleaded "not guilty," and I appeared for the defence. We responded to the demand of the attorney-general, that we were ready for trial. A jury was sworn, when the testimony was taken given before the coroner. I then asked permission of the court to read the prisoner's statement, to which the attorney-general offering no objection, their honors consented, first informing the jury that they must determine the credibility to which it was entitled. I had prepared the document as briefly as possible. It was as follows:

"I, Henry Wrazall, confess an unintentional agency in the death of John Hafin. I owned a house and lot in — street, and Hafin owned a lot adjoining, upon which was a carpenter's shop. We had met once on the property, and I had proposed an exchange of his lot and carpenter's shop for a small house I also owned in another part of the city. There was a difference between us of fifty dollars, he offering three hundred and I demanding three hundred and fifty on the exchange. Finally, I understood him to consent to my terms, and on the afternoon of the 28th of November, 18—, he met me in the street, and we went together to a lawyer's office—I know not whose—to conclude the agreement and have the papers drawn up. It turned out to be the office of Messrs. Pledwell & Hart, who, he said, had done some business for him before. We waited about half an hour, when no one coming in, and it appearing unlikely that any one would be there again during the evening, he proposed to write a note, making an appointment for the next morning at ten o'clock. He then lighted the gas, and I walked out of the door to the front, and down to the court for the purpose of looking into the street. I shortly returned, but during my absence, it now appears that Hafin, failing to find paper upon the table, must have torn a piece from my logbook, which I was then carrying to the ship, and had laid down a moment before. Of this I knew nothing, or I should of course have torn out the rest of the leaf, or most probably have sunk the book itself in the sea. Indeed, had I known that he was only capable of such a scrawl as that which the occasion has proved, I should certainly have written the note myself; but in fact I did not know that he had written anything, otherwise I should have destroyed or taken it away with me. What followed was so unexpected and rapid in its occurrence, that I had no time for more than a moment's deliberation at its close. Upon again entering the office, Hafin renewed his exception to the payment of three hundred and fifty dollars, and I then said I would have nothing more to do with him, and called him a trifle. I caught up my book to leave, and he seized my hand. I was excited and threw his hand violently from me, when he snatched the logbook from my grasp, and struck me with it flatly on the side of the head. I returned the blow with my fist severely, when with an oath he sprang at me, and I caught sight of a knife in the air above my head. I seized his arm just as it was coming down violently, and thrusting it aside from me, the blade was buried in his own throat. He sunk in a moment at my feet, and the blood spouted from the wound as he drew away his hand with the knife clutched in it, and struck at me. It fell from his hand. I then lifted him to him to his feet and asked if he was hurt seriously. He seemed to make an effort to speak, while the blood still came in jets from the wound, he writhing as it were to escape from me, and, as I thought, to recover his knife, until he recoiled and fell heavily beyond the table on the floor.

There was a horrible gurgling in the throat, a deep groan and all was still. Confident that he was dead, I was overwhelmed with horror and alarm. I took up my book, and as I paused a moment to reflect, lest I should leave any witness behind me, I heard voices apparently at a short distance, extinguished the gas, left the room, quietly pulled to the door, and hurried down the court, meeting two persons, one of whom spoke to me as I passed.

"On passing through the streets to the ship, I entered two or three public-houses, most remote from the scene of the homicide, and drank pretty freely at each, actuated by the purpose, to prove, if it should ever be necessary, that I was in and about a distant locality at or about the time at which Hafin was killed, should the deed be early discovered. In one of these houses I found the master of the tug Hercules, and engaged him to take the ship down the river that night, having previously designed to wait until the next day at noon, for the purpose of closing the business with Hafin. On going aboard I was somewhat under the effects of liquor, and I remember to have refused Mr. Warren an hour's liberty for the purpose of going to his boarding-house. It seems, however, that the Hercules could not be ready for an hour, and learning this, Warren took a carriage and proceeded to Mrs. Lyne's. On the next day I made the false entry in the logbook, again with a view to an *alibi*, and recording the ship at anchor all day on the 28th, and making sail on the 29th, whereas, in point of fact, the ship lost no time in the river. After getting to sea, I had time to reflect upon the folly of my flight; and I was overwhelmed with the conviction that, if by any possibility the homicide should be traced to me, I should never be believed in any statement of the facts which I might make. This preyed upon my mind to such a degree that I was almost incapable of duty, and I frequently sought relief in brandy when none on board knew that I did so.

"Upon arriving at Singapore, I found orders for future employment of the ship in the Pacific; and when again at Singapore found intelligence of the marriage of Miss Clara Lyne, my attachment to whom had proved, under the subsequent events, a temporary infatuation and mere gratification of my pride. I had ceased to think of her almost entirely, but the fact of her marriage, in view of her binding engagement to me, startled me with the conviction that she certainly would not have consented to it, and as I had no reason to doubt with her mother's approval, but that I was suspected or known in the death of Hafin, and that they both regarded me as a doomed, lost man. Imagination ran riot with horror, but at the same time I was perfectly sane, though I affected an unreal apprehension of the pirates of the China seas, at that time pretty busy amid the confusion of the war with England. In arming the ship I was actuated solely by a determination to resist, with the help of such of my crew as I might be able to bribe to my purposes, any attempt to arrest me, should it be made before I reached home. All this may seem like folly, madness, and it is in fact the absurdity of an affrighted conscience and a disordered brain.

"Upon arriving at home, I was relieved to find that no suspicion had attached to me with respect to Hafin's death; but still my mind wanted something to engage itself upon, and I fancied that it would conduce to my greater safety to act in vindication of my rights, as I chose to regard the violation of them by Mrs. and Miss Lyne, and to appear very indignant and energetic in the affair. It is needless for me to enlarge upon this point, for I cannot explain the torture I endured, nor the motives and springs of action by which I was moved from time to time. I was, in fact, no longer a man. I was always a coward. And in the attempt to bully Mr. Hart, I felt the crushing power of a good man's pure love for a good wife in her defence against the insolence which my passion dictated. I was baffled by his indignation and manly spirit, and was glad to escape from a contest with it.

[I apologized for this language in a document which I had written, and stated that Wrazall had insisted upon its use.]

"After the exposure which occurred in open court, and I was confronted with my crime, upon subsequent reflection I determined to make a clean breast of it; and inasmuch as the homicide had taken place in the office of Messrs. Pledwell and Hart, I concluded that it would be best to approach them, honest as I believed them to be, with the absolute truth. Hence the interview I sought with Mr. Hart. And under his kind communication and consolation I have found relief and comfort, and now throw myself upon the justice and consideration of the court and jury, assured that justice will relieve me of all taint of crime.

"Signed, HENRY WRAXALL."

Upon this declaration the Attorney-General waved argument, and merely informed the jury that Mr. Hart would make a few remarks, to which, if he had no exception to offer, he should not reply.

I then rapidly collated the facts, and showed the consistency of the relation. Proved by the discovered paper that the parties must have come to the office free from any purpose or thought of strife. That they came for a peaceable purpose, and that the homicide could not have been premeditated, and that if committed by the prisoner, even with design at the moment, it must have been in the heat of passion, and so far excusable under the law. I referred to the fact that the gas was certainly burning up to the moment of our approach, and to the very moment of the flight of the prisoner, and that the wounded man was not at that moment actually dead. I also stated that there was no curtain to the window, thus no precaution whatever could have been taken against observation from without. Everything thus going to prove the total absence of premeditation, I pursued the analysis under the applica-

tion of reason to all points of the case, and submitted it to the jury. And the foreman, after only sufficient time to gather the sentiment of the panel, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Wrazall was deeply affected, and came up to me, clasping my hands and those of Mr. Pledwell with the most grateful emotion. The attorney-general very kindly came towards him, and remarked that he fully concurred with the verdict. And in fact, Wrazall received sympathy and congratulation from all.

After two or three weeks spent at the house of a friend in the country, he returned to the city a new man. He had determined to relinquish the sea and settle in California. Before his departure, however, he visited us several times, and quite delighted Clara by the interest he took in "that young lawyer." And he also attended a wedding between Captain Thomas Warren, of the good ship Warlock, minus the twelve-pounders, and Mrs. Harriet Lyne. And soon afterwards they all set sail together for San Francisco, where Captain Warren now resides when ashore, and from which port he is occasionally accompanied by his wife on a pleasure trip to Singapore and Sydney, and who proves to be a capital sailor.

SHERIDAN'S OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

We give a page of sketches illustrative of the recent retrograde movement of Gen. Sheridan from Winchester to Harper's Ferry.

Gen. Wilson, who left Washington on the 18th ult. with his cavalry, joined Sheridan on the 17th at Winchester. The next day they fell back before the rebel advance, galled, as they passed through the town, by a fusillade kept up from the houses by the citizens. He made a stand at a small town called Summit Point, seven miles from Charlestown and 15 from Harper's Ferry, where he formed in line of battle.

On the 21st skirmishing began and the rebels attacked the left held by the 3d Jersey, which, after a gallant fight, fell back, disputing every inch. Gen. Wilson managed with the utmost skill and though attacked in force on three sides, sent back his train to Charlestown, kept the road clear and protected his rear.

We give a sketch of this affair, with Fitzhugh's battery in the foreground and the rebel skirmish line advancing behind the line of houses.

Other sketches represent the action of Duffie's cavalry with the enemy at Charlestown protecting the retreat of the main army, as well as a fine view of Charlestown itself, taken from the yard of Judge Hunter's house.

The ruined house so conspicuous in the picture is the residence of Judge Hunter, the destruction of which by his cousin, Gen. Hunter, was made the pretext for the destruction of Chambersburg.

The fourth sketch is a view of the front as seen by the Union lines near Harper's Ferry, on what is now called Jackson Hill, being the position from which Stonewall Jackson shelled Col. Miles.

The turnpike to Harper's Ferry runs along the foot of the hill on the right, that to Charlestown may be seen in the distance towards the left. The Union skirmish line runs along the front of the view.

The rebels soon retired from before Sheridan's front, and he is now again advancing.

OPERATIONS BEFORE MOBILE.

THE passage of Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines on August 5 by Admiral Farragut, a feat of arms so boldly undertaken and so happily accomplished, seems to have been a perfect surprise. The rebels had made no preparations as yet for a naval engagement in the bay. Their vessels were not protected by cotton bales, nor had they turned for the nonce their blockade-runners into gunboats.

The Tennessee made a desperate though brief fight before she struck. The Selma, of which we give an illustration to-day, endeavored to escape up the bay, but the Metacomb, Capt. Jarratt, who had delayed to rescue the survivors of the ill-fated Tecumseh, soon gave chase. In forty minutes, so hot was the fire that she struck, and the victors, on boarding her, found her commander, Lieut. Comstock, lying dead across the breach of a gun and the decks covered with dead and dying, most of them cut down by a single 100-pound Parrott shell, while the Metacomb lost only one killed and two wounded. She soon under the national flag joined the Union fleet.

The Selma is a fine vessel of light draught, and carried four heavy guns, one a 100-pounder Brooke's rifle.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION AND THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

AFTER a delay without a parallel in the history of our Presidential contests, and when the day of election was fast approaching, the Convention of Democratic delegates from the various States met at Chicago, in an immense structure, erected for the purpose on Michigan avenue, near the Lake shore. For many days the leaders of the party had been wending their way from all parts to Chicago, with rebel agents and Republican lookers-on. The Convention was finally called to order on the 29th of August, at noon, by August Belmont, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Ex-Gov. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, was then nominated temporary President, and Secretaries having been appointed, the Convention organized. The list of delegates was then called by States, all the States in rebellion and Western Virginia being excluded. The next day Horatio Seymour was chosen President of the Convention.

A platform was then adopted, condemning the Administration, but expressing no opinion as to the right or wrong of the South in its course, demanding a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of States, or other peaceable means, that peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States. No plan of action was proposed for the contingency that peace could not be restored on that basis.

On the 31st the voting for a candidate began. Gen. McClellan received 292½ votes and Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, 23½.

The vote was then made unanimous for McClellan. There was more diversity in the nomination for Vice-President: James Guthrie received 65½ votes, Geo. H. Pendleton 54½, and Gov. Powell 32½; on the second ballot all the candidates except Pendleton were withdrawn and he was unanimously elected.

The two nominees thus stand before the people. Gen. McClellan, with what is unmistakably immense popularity, a General of great ability, once Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Union, the hero of well-fought battles, and George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, whose sympathies have always been freely and boldly expressed for the men against whom McClellan fought.

A LARGE and beautiful series of caves has been opened by the silver miners in the Patagonia and Mowry mines, in Arizona, as they were boring for water. One of the caves is fully 50 feet wide, 40 feet high and 150 feet long, the interior being covered with beautiful formations of stalactites of various colors.

THE ICEBERG.

An iceberg drifting in the polar seas, Braces its cold, and bold, and glistening front Against the sharpness of the Arctic blasts: But when it idly floats by southern shores, Where the mild sunshine wakes the pulse of Spring, Warm air embrace the rugged stranger round, And melt away its angles with their breath. The tepid waves caress it, and the light Nestles among its many crevices, Till it relents, and in a veil of mist Withdrawing, sinks, and sweeps itself away Upon the bosom of the summer sea. And so, when argument, reproach and force Are spent in vain, the hard hearts yields to love.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

THE experience of Lord Shaftesbury, as quoted in the following paragraph, would find full confirmation in the history of American crime. If young men can be kept under good religious or moral influence till they reach their majority, they are comparatively safe:

"Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and 16 years; and that, if a young man lived an honest life up to 20 years of age, there were 49 chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

"This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly, a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under 16. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents' fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of 98 per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection! We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle; in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From eight to 16—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in 49 cases out of 50—fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, 'By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets.'"

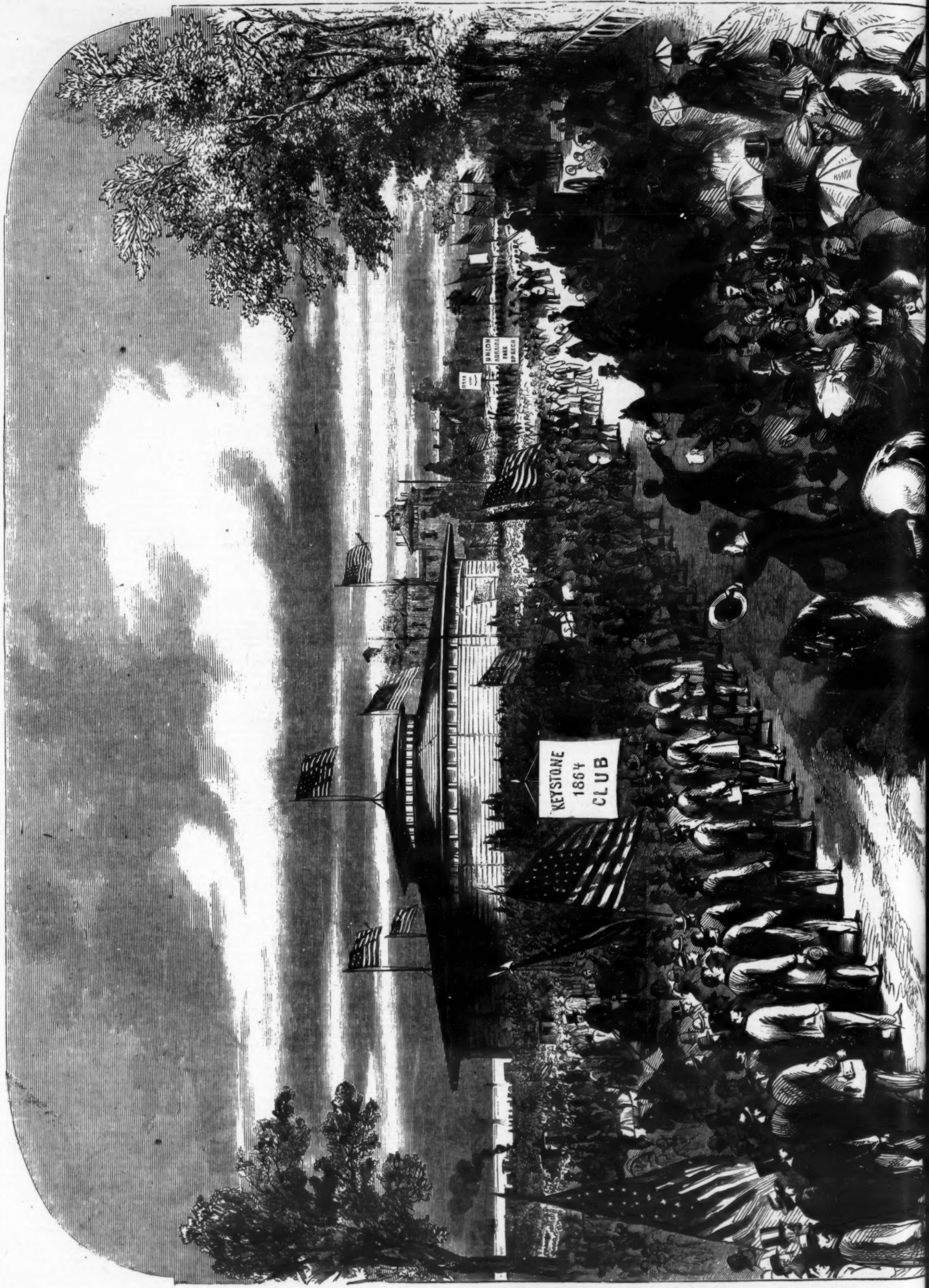
MANY public men consider themselves the pillars of the State, who are more properly the capsterns of the State, reaching their high positions only by crawling.

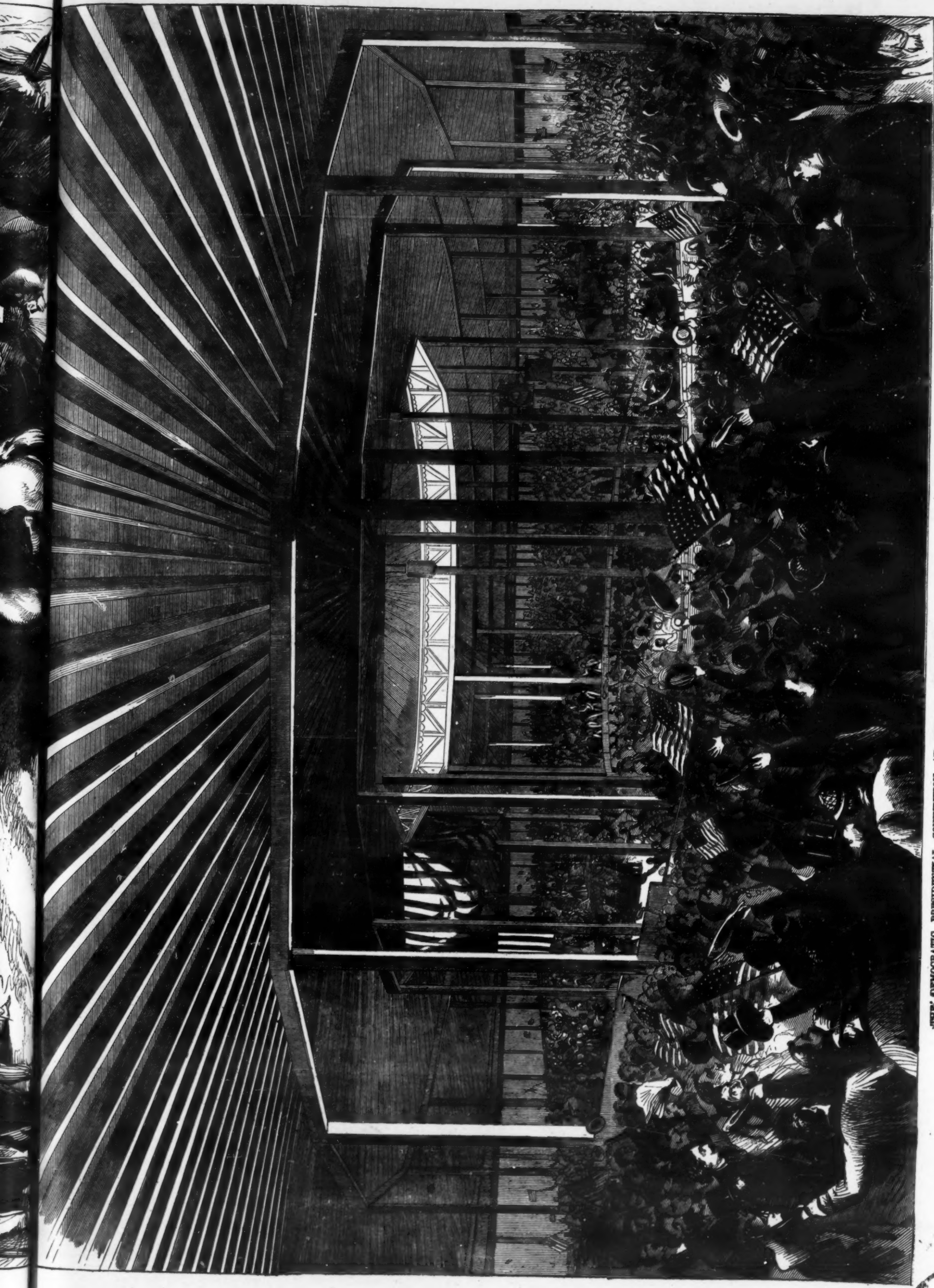
A PAPER substance to be used for bookbinding has just been invented in England. It appears to receive gilt impressions with the distinctness of morocco, and, as it can be washed with soap and water when dirty, it may be surmised that heretofore the phrase "muddy literature" will fall into disuse. It is said that its cost will be something like one-half of the present price of embossed cloth.

A MANDARIN AMONG US.—The Springfield Republican states that Yung Wing, a young Chinese, who graduated some 10 years since at Yale, has recently returned to this country with the rank of mandarin, and a commission from the imperial government, empowering him to inspect and purchase machinery of various kinds, with the view of introducing into China the modern improvements in science and arts made by the western nations, and especially our own. The mandarin is at present the guest of Dr. McLean, of Springfield, and is spoken of in high terms as a man remarkably adapted to execute a commission so interesting and important, and which evidently marks an era in Chinese history.

THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—A late number of Fraser's Magazine has the following: "Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after their marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily dressed, with a huge shirt collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of these things, and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of bits of orange-peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly."

A ROMAN ALMANAC.—Galignani has an account of a recent discovery in Europe. It is as follows: A Roman almanac has just been found in an excavation, near the Gate of Isis, at Pompeii. It is a square block of white marble, on each side of which are inscriptions relative to three months of the year, arranged in perpendicular columns. At the head of each is represented the sign of the Zodiac, to which the month responds. The almanac contains some curious information on the agriculture and religion of the Romans. At the top of each column, and under the sign of the Zodiac, is the name of the month and the number of days; next come the names, which during eight months of the year fall on the fifth day, and are consequently called *quintidies*; for the remainder of the year they commence on the seventh day, and are called *septimane*. The *ides* are not indicated, because there is always seven days between them and the *nonas*. The number of hours of the day and night is also marked, the whole numbers being represented by the ordinary Roman figure, the fractions by an *s* for semi, and by small horizontal lines for the quarters. Lastly, the sign of the Zodiac in which the sun appears is also named; the days of the Equinoxes and of the Summer solstice are also given. For the Winter solstice there are the words *hiemis initium* (beginning of the winter). Next comes the chapter of agriculture, in which farmers are reminded of the principal operations that ought to be carried on during the month. The almanac terminates by the religious part; it points out the god who presides over each month; gives a list of the religious *fiestas* which fall during the lapse of time, and warns the farmer not to neglect the worship of those protecting divinities of his labors if he wishes to have them prosper. On the upper part of the block of marble is Apollo driving the chariot of the Sun, and on the under part Ceres reaping corn in the field, which shows that this almanac was more particularly intended for farmers. It has been sent to Naples.





THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO IN SESSION, AUGUST, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVES.

The swallows build beneath the eaves,
As in the days ago;
The wheaten fields are all ablaze
And in and out the west wind plays
Amid the tasseled corn.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
The clover fields are red;
The wild bird wakes his simple song,
As joyfully the whole day long
As if he were not dead!

The thoughtful skies, with mother's care,
Their rain and sunshine send;
And, standing in the farmhouse door,
I see—dotting the landscape o'er—
The flocks he used to tend.

The wild rose and jessamine blow
Beside the window-sill;
The tender moan is in the air,
For the dear hands that placed them there,
Are lying crossed and still.

About the hills the summer folds
Her wealth of golden light;
And, past the willow's silvery gleam,
I catch the glimmer of the stream,
And lilies cool and white.

But oh! a shadow darkens all
The sunshine and the bloom;
The voice whose kind and loving words
Were sweeter than the song of birds
Is silent in the tomb.

How can the summer fall so gay
About our farmhouse door,
When all the quiet ways he trod—
Through leafy wood or bloomy sod—
Shall know him nevermore!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER II.—DAME OLDUM SPEAKS HER MIND.

Captain Marsh still lingered on at Beechwood Manor. Mr. Marsh had taken a strange fancy to his nephew, and did not like to part with him. Cyril had no home in England, and could, therefore, ill refuse his uncle's cordial invitation to make a home of Beechwood Manor. The whole household—even of those who could not well speak out—found some expressive, if mute, fashion of backing the master's request.

Mrs. Marsh, who had lain under an authority which, if kindly and conscientious, had perhaps been a little too stringent for perfect happiness, recognised the mediation of Cyril's influence over her husband, and blessed his presence by her smiles, if not by her words. Madeleine was cold and indifferent by nature, and so unaccustomed to let any one interfere with her comfort or convenience, that it was a matter of small moment, so far as she was concerned, who went or came; but Katie almost worshipped Cyril, as the child of a household often does a good, strong, kind elder brother.

Katie had been a source of anxiety to all of late. She seemed to be growing beyond her strength, and had deep hectic spots of color on both her thin cheeks. She never complained, but there was a hollow look in her large blue eyes which pained Cyril greatly, the more so that he often detected a cause for it in an involuntary motion of her hand to her side when she fancied herself unobserved. It seemed to him that a great trouble was coming on them all. The others saw no danger; they only wondered that Katie should have grown so thin and listless, and feared—at least Mrs. Marsh did—that some malady she had contracted in early childhood was threatening her now.

But the child herself was not deceived. Cyril wondered often if she could be, and soon had his doubts solved. The day was bright and clear, and Gabrielle de Pène, tempted out by the sunshine, had walked through the snow to spend a long day at the Manor house. Cyril had noticed the alienation between Gabrielle and Nina, and, divining the great need the latter had for some true-hearted woman friend about her at this time, he wished beyond all things that the reserve growing up between the two should be broken through. He fancied that, if once left alone together, the habit of confidence would force Gabrielle into explaining the motive of her coldness. Nina could never have wronged Gabrielle, whatever her faults might have been in other ways; and this explanation must, therefore, result in a renewal of their old relations.

Mrs. Marsh and Madeleine were out of the room when Gabrielle arrived, and Cyril gave the young French girl a kind and pleasant greeting; then carried off Katie, as he said, to sun herself a little on the terrace.

Katie always obeyed her cousin, but he was pained to see how listlessly she rose, and how feebly her hot fingers struggled into his open palm.

"Don't come if you're tired," he whispered, softly.

"I am always tired now, cousin Cyril," she answered, "but I should like to come for a little while."

He went to fetch her hat, wrapped a large woolen shawl about her—for it was wonderful how very tender Cyril could be with those he loved—then he led her out on the terrace. Katie was busy with her thoughts for a time, and did not speak; but presently she looked up into Captain Marsh's face with solemn, wistful eyes.

"Cousin Cyril," she said, "if you had a little sister, and you loved her very much, should you be sorry for her to die young?"

Captain Marsh did not answer at once. He had never felt less sure of being able to master his emotion; but, after a time, he spoke, finding it difficult even then to keep his voice as steady as he wished.

"No, Katie, I think not—that is to say, if she were good, and that I could feel sure that she was going to a happier home than mine. I could not help grieving for her, Katie, under any circumstances, but it would not be so grievous as people have who are without hope."

Katie had grown silent and thoughtful again; but, after a few minutes, she drew closer to his side, shuddering.

"It's the snow I don't like—all that cold snow. If I might only wait until the fields were getting green, and the martins had come to their nests again under my window, I don't think I should mind about dying; but it seems, cousin Cyril, as if I did so long to smell the violets again once more before I go."

"But what makes you think you are going at all?" inquired Cyril, very softly.

"I don't know, but something tells me so. I had such a strange dream last night," she added, after a pause. "I thought an angel came down to take me away, and I said to him: 'I am only a little girl, good angel, and mama and Nina want me badly—can't you spare me?' The angel shook his head and smiled. 'We want you most, and love you best,' he said. 'God is very tender of His little ones; He will take care of you.' And will He take care of Nina, too?" I asked. The angel's face grew so pale, and sad, and mournful at this that I was frightened for Nina, and awoke, wet with tears. Cousin Cyril, why won't the angel take care of Nina?"

She stopped in her walk, and again the blue, wistful eyes interrogated him earnestly. Captain Marsh stopped too, and averted his face. Nina was dear to him—dearer than life—and yet, for very truth's sake, he could not give this child any answer which should stifle her vague fears. So he remained silent, hoping and praying that she would not press a reply.

"Cousin Cyril, don't you like to say? Has Nina done anything wrong?"

"I am not her keeper," answered Captain Marsh, bitterly.

"No, but you are her cousin," returned Katie, with great seriousness.

"But that does not give me any right to pry into her secrets, Katie."

"No—and yet—"

The child's expression was so full of painful perplexity that Cyril put his own feelings aside, and promised himself that she should question him as she liked, if it only brought ease to her mind or lightness to her heart.

"And yet, Katie," he repeated after her, with a gentle, encouraging smile, "I know you see where I have a duty—can't you make it clear to me?"

"I'm only a little girl, and perhaps it's my love makes me think differently from you; but—"

And here Katie paused again.

"Well?"

"You won't be angry with me, cousin Cyril?"

"Not for the world; you may trust me perfectly there."

"Then I may ask—are you hard and unkind to poor Nina, sometimes?"

"I am afraid I must often appear so to you," he answered, gravely—"even to others. But I cannot explain why this course of action is forced upon me, sadly against my will. It would not be any feeling that I should like to own to myself, or should care to mention before you, that could make me tender with Nina. I must be one thing or the other—very affectionate or very hard; there is no safety for one of my disposition in a medium course. But this is a subject on which you and I must not talk, for Nina's sake, Katie. Only rest fully assured that, although I may sometimes appear harsh, there is no service I would not render your sister, no sacrifice I would not make, to secure her any real happiness. You trust me, Katie, I know, and will make yourself satisfied with this conditional promise."

"But there is one question I should like to ask."

"Then ask it, Katie."

"Will you take care of Nina when I am gone?"

"You are not going from us, at any rate, yet, for a long while, I hope; but, if you must, Katie, if it is so decreed, and no prayers of ours can avert your doom, then I promise you, child, that I will protect Nina against everybody—even against myself."

Katie seemed satisfied, and they took another turn along the terrace in silence. It seemed strange to Captain Marsh that this child should speak of herself as if she were Nina's safeguard and shield. And perhaps she was; for the old persuasion that to each was given a guardian angel, to keep him from harm, and to ward off the blows of hatred and malice, is true enough; ask many a parent if it be not so. To you this guardian angel may seem "only a child," but they know how often those pure lips and innocent eyes have brought them timely to virtue's side, and rebuked the evil thought uppermost at the time, and remembered gratefully that Our Saviour himself sanctified their superstition when He said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The silence that had fallen on Captain Marsh and his little cousin was presently broken by the appearance of Nina and Gabrielle de Pène. The two girls were walking arm-in-arm, as in past days, and Gabrielle's face was flushed, whilst her eyes showed that tears had only just been wiped away. Still her red lips were parted with smiles, as she turned round every second to look lovingly up into the grave, beautiful face of her friend.

"We are come to fetch Katie," said Gabrielle, speaking to Captain Marsh. "We are going into the lower gardens for some snowdrops. If you mean to be very civil we will allow you to escort us; and if not—why, you may come all the same; a bore is better than a bore, at any rate."

"I hope I may be able to steer clear of both extremes."

"You are perfectly aware of your own advantages, I perceive," retorted the lively French girl.

"From what sign or signs do you gather that inference, mademoiselle? I only allowed myself to entertain a humble hope that I might not prove so disagreeable as you seemed to anticipate."

"How refreshingly modest and innocent! Do you know, Captain Marsh, you remind me of a little anecdote I saw yesterday in mama's *Monde Illustré*. A French soldier went to ask his colonel for leave of absence to attend his sister's wedding. 'Why, but I thought you were an only child?' said the colonel, regarding the petitioner with some suspicion. 'Oh, non, mon colonel,' answered the other, readily; 'nous sommes deux—un garçon et une fille; et c'est moi qui suis le garçon.'"

"And a very sensible soldier too, mademoiselle; I don't at all resent the comparison. He probably knew that his colonel was not imaginative, and was in the habit of looking upon him as a soldier who was to be bullied through a certain amount of drill, rather than a lad who had human feelings and human desires, and he took the liberty of reminding the suspicious martinet that 'c'est moi qui suis le garçon.'"

"Rather a good interpretation, isn't it, Nina? On the strength of its ingenuity you shall be exempted, Captain Marsh, from any further efforts to do the agreeable all the rest of our walk. I see that it is quite impossible to class you in either of the categories stigmatised, and, therefore, I will atone for my want of discernment by applauding vehemently every future remark you may condescend to make. Whereupon let us go and make havoc amongst the snowdrops. Come, Katie."

Captain Marsh noted, all through their walk, that Gabrielle's light-hearted gaiety depressed rather than cheered her friend. He could not wonder at this, for it had the same effect upon himself. Often enough, too, at the mess, when his brother officers were in outrageous spirits, Cyril had felt quieted by the very excess of their mirth, and had found it a greater effort to look gay than to look grave. Nina evidently shared his peculiarity, for Gabrielle's lively sallies only met with a forced smile, until, at length, piqued and astonished at the gravity of both, Gabrielle began to reproach them with it in no measured terms.

"You're what mama would call 'glums,' both of you. I never in my life saw two such long, dreary faces out of a funeral procession. Captain Marsh, I have occasionally heard you throw away a few good things on a lady audience, with a generosity sufficiently rare in your sex. If you could only hunt up the remnant of a witticism, or the ghost of a *bon-mot*, really I should be grateful. As for you, Nina," she added, her tone changing to one of piteous earnestness, "your gravity is very uncomplimentary, to say the least of it. Here am I so happy because everything is made right between us, whilst you—"

But Nina interrupted her by an expressive gesture.

Katie, fancying herself unnoticed, had sunk down on a little garden seat, and was pressing her hand tightly against her side. Her lips were blue and her breathing was heavy. She seemed to be nearly fainting with fatigue. But one other was watching her too—one who was strong as tender—and presently he was leaning over her and speaking in his gentlest tone.

"Katie, darling, you are very tired."

She looked up at Cyril with her soft, wistful eyes.

"I shall carry you home—you will let me?" he whispered again.

She bowed her head, and the soft, sweet, loving smile he had learned to think so very beautiful played over her wan lips. Very carefully he lifted her up in his arms and bore her towards the house. Gabrielle, sobered now and half-frightened, clung to Nina's arm, who, pale and grave, but perfectly calm, walked behind Captain Marsh, never moving her eyes from Katie's face.

As they neared the stables, by which they had to pass in order to reach the house, they heard the loud, shrill voice of Dame Oldum, apparently in angry dispute with the coachman, who was heard to say, in reply to some remark from her: "Nonsense! go along; you don't want Miss Nina. She's out a walking, and you don't suppose we're going to fetch her home for such as you."

"All I can say is, that if she knewed I was a-standing here in the cold, waiting for her, she'd make you rue it."

"I tell you what, dame, there's some hereabouts who are a bit afraid of you, because your tongue's seasoned with pepper and vinegar and doesn't give any stint of ill words; but I'm not one of that sort. You don't scare me easy. What I've got to say I say to people's faces, and don't encourage no backbiting; and so I'd rather tell you than tell anybody else that I don't like your 'tiding our servants up to your house and getting all the news out of 'em. Mrs. Trent may do as she likes about the maids a-going, but Jim shall have work and plenty given him to keep his hands busy all the evening next time you send him down an invite."

"If you'd had an invite yourself you'd have been more civiler," said Dame Oldum, loftily.

"I'd scorn to go to your little pottering place, I would!" answered the irate coachman. "I've lived in good families all my time, and know how to hold up my head as I should do, and I ain't going to 'sociate with my inferiors 'cus old age is coming on. I know what's due to myself and my master better than that."

"I wish I had got the paying of your doos," replied the old woman, sharply; "I wouldn't keep you waiting. I've got a mine I can work when I'm in want of money."

Nina had grown paler and paler as this conversation proceeded. When it came to a pause she dropped Gabrielle's arm and stepped towards the yard, telling her to follow Captain Marsh into the house. But Gabrielle, who was like an April day, alternate tears and smiles, having seen the color

return gradually into Katie's wan little face, was ready to be gay again, and vastly relished the idea of an encounter with Dame Oldum. So she followed Nina's steps instead of taking the path to the house.

The old woman was standing close to the stables, her face was inflamed, her whole air insolent and defiant. She made the pretence of a curtsy when she caught sight of the ladies, and opened her grievances at once.

"There! he talks about manners," she said, pointing to the coachman, who stood grinning in the background, "and the families he's lived in, and so on, and he hasn't no more hide of christian behavior than a pig. Here's a poor body, who'll turn into the seventies next Michaelmas, please the Lord, left to stand in the cold just as if she'd fur growed on her to keep her warm like a wild animal, instead of only being befoven for a covering to an old tattered shawl. That isn't manners, nor charity, nor nothing, as I can see, and I haven't took to spectacles yet for the want of eye-sight. But that's always the way with them underlings. You get a civil word of the master, but the devil of anything but kicks do you get out of his man. It's just as if they was afraid all their wages 'ud be given away in alms. I do believe they'd drink the poor soup on a full stomach rather than we should get a sup of it on an empty one. I wish gentlefolks sat in the kitchen instead of the parlor, and then they'd know where things went that's missing, and maybe, the poor 'ud get more and the sweethearts less. Now he there—"

But Nina interrupted her impatiently.

"Well, but, dame, what are you come for now? You have had soup every week, I know, besides coals and blankets at Christmas."

"When you don't really want any of them," put in Gabrielle. "You are better off than any one in the parish, to my certain knowledge. Ben has steady work and good wages."

"You see, miss, with no disrespect, you're a furriner. You don't know nothing about the substantial English folks is accustomed to. I've heard say as French people live upon nothing, and have a crust of bread to look at for dessert; but I was brought up different. As to Ben, he isn't much of a help now: most of his wages goes in fairs and such like for his sweetheart."

"I don't believe it," said Gabrielle, decidedly.

"Hush!" whispered Nina in French. "Don't make an enemy of the old woman; she can be dangerous if she likes."

"What harm could she do me?"

"She might injure your reputation."

"And that wouldn't signify much. I shall never be able to marry, mama says, because I have got no dot."

"Oh, but in any case, for your own comfort's sake, try and preserve your good name."

Nina spoke feelingly, but Gabrielle only responded by a slight shrug of her graceful shoulders. Meanwhile, Dame Oldum, who had been watching this brief dialogue with suspicion, because it was carried on in a language she did not understand, broke in again:

"Rags and tatters isn't comfortable wear in cold weather, let furrin folks say what they like. I want a warm shawl and a merriner frock, and I mean to have 'em somehow."

"I tell you what, dame," said Gabrielle, dauntlessly, "you don't want anything; and if I were Nina I wouldn't give you anything."

"Miss Nina knows what she's about, and so do I," answered the old woman, with a flash of menace in her keen eyes. "If any third party gets between us she's like to do more mischief than good. Mammoelles ain't English, and they don't know nothing about English wants."

"It's a good thing for you they're not," retorted Gabrielle with equal asperity and sharpness.

"I aint asked you for nothing," said Dame Oldum, sneering; "I don't go to empty cupboards and expect good cheer."

"Yes, dame, we are poor," said Gabrielle, with a prouder carriage of her head, "and we are not ashamed of it. Our cupboard may not be very well garnished, perhaps, but we can always manage to find something in it for those who are really in need. You know that, Nina."

"Indeed I do; but, Gabrielle, why argue with Dame Oldum? You do not understand each other. And, dame, mind, I cannot have you rude to my friend. Come up to-morrow morning and I will see you, and if you are really in want of what you say you shall have it."

Nina turned away as she had finished speaking, and Gabrielle followed her. Nina's step was quick and imperious, her face clouded, and Gabrielle's remonstrances were stayed on her lips. She would not imperil the recent good understanding by any provocation, and yet she had a hard struggle not to reproach Nina for her inconsistency, and remind her of the estimate they had mutually formed of Dame Oldum's character. But the words remained prudently unspoken, and, in answer to some instinct which taught her Nina would desire that their interview with Dame Oldum should be ignored before the others, Gabrielle kept a scrupulous silence on the subject. Fortunately, she had suffered too much by her former suspicions to allow them to be easily renewed, and, therefore, if she had her doubts momentarily restored by Nina's conduct that day, she soon dismissed them, and managed to replace her old love and trust in her friend; only this time, it must be owned, they were composed of somewhat patched-up materials, and did not promise to bear any very severe strain upon their force and endurance.

CHAPTER X.—A BIT OF A RADICAL.

It being a fine morning, and no occupation likely to prove more agreeable suggesting itself, Lord Gillingham had hobbled over to Beechwood to have an interview with Mr. Marsh, meaning to speak frankly as to his views regarding Nina.

The earl had a grand notion of his advantages as a British peer, and considered himself irresistible.

ble from other and independent causes as well. A vague distrust of Nina's sentiments in his behalf had occasionally visited him, but Lord Gillingham had attributed her coldness principally to modesty, and owned to a settled conviction that, should he come forward with serious proposals, both she and her father, if not Mrs. Marsh, would gratefully fall in with his views.

The earl had specially sought this interview with his neighbor, thinking that the business part of his proposal would be better settled between themselves, with an after reference to Nina's wishes on the point. Perhaps, too, in his secret soul, he did not relish seeking his answer from those lips which, although so beautiful, he had never known in their softness and grace.

But there was something in the confidence displayed by Lord Gillingham which somewhat galled Mr. Marsh. He felt that, with his beautiful daughter to give away, he was the equal of the highest for the nonce. Mr. Marsh could always keep his temper under control, but those who knew him well understood that when he spoke with studied care he was by no means in his best mood.

But Lord Gillingham did not know him very well; and when, therefore, Mr. Marsh, after patiently listening to all he had to say, began to speak himself in a perfectly calm, measured tone, his lordship assured therefrom a speedy success to his suit.

"Your lordship is doing me an honor," said Mr. Marsh, "which, as a simple country squire, I have, I dare say, no right to expect; but I always determined that, when the time came that my daughters should be asked in marriage, I would entirely put aside my authority, to afford them complete freedom of choice. I think very seriously of such a step, and could not tolerate that either of them should look at it in a less grave light than myself."

"Then you authorize me to speak to Miss Nina herself?"

"You may if you like, of course; but I give you notice that I cannot in any way support your wishes. As from man to man, I consider it right to tell you candidly that your mode of life for some time past does not appear to me to offer a very good guarantee for the happiness of any woman who might become your wife."

"A few youthful indiscretions," muttered the earl, having the grace to look confused.

"Pardon me, my lord; I am a man of the world, and therefore too apt, perhaps, to make allowances for the follies and indiscretions of youth; but I cannot exactly place yours in that category, considering that they have been persevered in from that time to this. I have no right to inquire too minutely into any man's past, but his present is my affair when he wishes my daughter for his wife."

"I don't pretend to be a saint," replied the earl, fumbling with his watch-chain. "No one can accuse me of playing the hypocrite; but, of course, when I ask a young lady of Miss Marsh's birth and breeding to enter my home it is with the intention of purging it for her reception, and making her position in every way respectable and pleasant."

"I am an old man, my lord, and have seen a great many reformations of this sort in my time, but few that lasted a year."

The earl bit his lip. It was evidently with great effort that he kept his rage within bounds.

"Then I suppose you expect a second St. Anthony, at least, for Miss Marsh?" he said, roughly.

"I am not so difficult to please as you imagine," replied Mr. Marsh, with unabated calmness; "I could dispense with a good deal in some respects to have what I wanted in others. Certainly I should far rather my daughter married a gentleman—one who had a good claim to the title—but, at the same time, if she should chance to pick upon a man who had no birth, but was well-educated, and comported himself in a manner which would insure his retaining her affection and respect, I would not refuse my consent. We are very apt in England to forget *virtus optima nobilitas*. For my part, I do not of necessity respect a good coat: I must know first of all what it covers; and I firmly believe that if my principle were more in vogue—if plain efficiency, instead of titled self-sufficiency, were the condition of preference—we should have none of those grave errors which occasionally mar the workings of Church and State."

"Ah, you're a bit of a Radical, I see!"

"No, I am wholly a Conservative," answered Mr. Marsh, with one of his quiet smiles; "but my special motto is, 'The right man in the right place.'"

"And you mean me to infer that I should not be the right man in the right place as Miss Marsh's husband?"

"I leave that to my daughter to decide; that is to say, if you still persist in your suit."

"Certainly I do."

"Very well; then the matter is beyond my jurisdiction," said Mr. Marsh.

"All right!" exclaimed his lordship, rising and offering his hand, which Mr. Marsh pressed as lightly as he could. "The matter is so far settled, then. I wish you good-morning."

But, instead of joining the ladies in the drawing-room, as might have been expected under the circumstances, he mounted his horse, which a groom had been ordered to bring round to Beechwood in half-an-hour, and rode straight home.

After his visitor was gone Mr. Marsh gave his entire attention to some accounts, until his nephew came in to remind him that they had settled to walk over to one of his farms before luncheon. Mr. Marsh pushed aside his papers and got up at once, but Cyril noticed that his manner was not so free and pleasant as usual. Presently the cause of his trouble came out:

"Lord Gillingham has been here to-day," he said.

"Indeed!" answered Cyril, without showing much curiosity to learn his errand.

"He came about Nina."

Cyril was all attention now.

"About Nina?" he repeated.

"Yes; he made a proposal for her hand."

"He? Lord Gillingham?" almost gasped Cyril.

"You can hardly be more surprised than I was," said Mr. Marsh, mistaking his nephew's trouble for astonishment. "There seemed no reason to expect such an offer."

"But my cousin did not accept him?"

"I don't know what she may do; she has not been consulted yet."

"No? How was that?"

"I gave him permission to use his influence with her," answered Mr. Marsh, cheerily, "because I felt sure that Nina had too much good sense to be dazzled by a coronet when worn by such a man. I have had hopes, too, for some time past, that other arrangements were likely to be made. Indeed, I may as well speak frankly at once: There is no one in the world to whom I would rather give a daughter of mine than to Cyril Marsh, although I should not say this much were I not sure that Cyril Marsh wanted a daughter of mine."

"I'm afraid, then, I must wait for Katie, for Nina will have none of me," replied Cyril, with a faint attempt at a smile.

Mr. Marsh paused in his walk, and his face clouded over.

"She has refused you?" he inquired, in a tone of disappointment, which was the best kind of flattery.

"No," said Cyril, "she will not let me come near enough to be denied."

"I thought she had more sense. I am very sorry for her, that is all," said Mr. Marsh, and he walked on again more sharply than before. "Ah, well," he added, presently, "if one is to grieve over all a woman's fancies one will have enough to do. Come along and look at the bullocks!"

And here the conversation dropped; but Mr. Marsh was colder and graver to Nina that evening than he had been since her attack of brain fever.

Strange to say, Mr. Marsh mentioned nothing of Lord Gillingham's visit or its motive either to his wife or Nina. The duty of enlightening Nina as to the honor intended her therefore fell upon Captain Marsh. But, somehow, this evening, he could not tell her; he had got into the habit of keeping every happy hour he could get free of disagreeables, and, consequently, he put this question aside for future discussion.

He had secured the place he best loved—namely, by Nina's side—for there were no strangers this evening, only Gabrielle de Pène, who had been induced to stay the night, and was in her wildest spirits from the novelty of the event.

Even Mr. Marsh, who, like a true John Bull, disliked foreigners, and besides, considered lively women unfeminine and vulgar, found himself laughing with Gabrielle in the very face of a grave didactic leader in the *Times*. She was giving a ludicrous description of her interview with a little village protégé of hers:

"I had been giving him some good moral lessons—really good, you know—and, fancying they must take deep root, I ventured to inquire what his notion of perfect happiness would be, expecting, of course, an answer of equal piety and sagacity. Just imagine his reply—'Two jolly good meals a day, and plenty of nuts to crack between times.' Ah! you may laugh at his answer, Captain Marsh, but I can assure you it has had a serious effect upon me. It has destroyed all my faith in human nature—that and the schoolmaster's privately begging me to abstain from visiting the school, because the children's parents were afraid I should teach them to worship idols. You see the effect of prejudice. Here am I, a Protestant, and, although the child of French parents, reared and educated on English soil, yet I am not allowed to enter a village schoolroom for fear I should corrupt the young idea! You know Tommy Billa, don't you? That incorrigible little sinner who has lamed all the ducks and chickens for four miles around. I caught him one day with his sister's doll elevated on a huge stick, and he was carrying it round the village in triumph, assuring every one whom he chanced to meet that it was the Virgin Mary as the French madam and her daughter worshipped in their own country. You'd better take care of Tommy, he's such a genius! If he doesn't ignite the Thames with some new discovery of his, he'll turn charlatan and iconoclast, and destroy our pump-handles because they are fashioned after the similitude of the tail of a calf that eateth hay. You can do as you like, of course, but I shall leave the village directly Tommy grows up."

"But, my dear Gabrielle," said Mrs. Marsh, who always took everything *au sérieux*, "they must know that you are of the same religion as themselves from your going to church every Sunday."

"Dear Mrs. Marsh, we don't expect logic from laborers; to draw an inference of that complicated nature would put such a strain upon their brain machinery that it would be out of repair a whole week afterwards."

"I don't know about that; I should think Mrs. Oldum's brain could draw a great many inferences without over-fatigue," said Captain Marsh.

"Ah, but Dame Oldum's a wonder. She'd be the greatest scholar of the age if, cunning took the place of cultivation."

"But as it does not, she is, meanwhile, nothing but a dangerous, designing old woman, whom, I am sorry to see, you and my cousin patronize."

"I don't!" said Gabrielle, sharply. Then she suddenly paused, and turned round to Nina with an anxious look of self-vindication.

"She is old and desolate," murmured Nina, with a glance of appeal at Captain Marsh.

"That is a plea I rarely deny," he answered with increased gravity, "but I doubt its applicability to Dame Oldum. Her son lives with her, they tell me that she has saved money, and I know her to be the most inveterate scoundrel in all Beechwood."

Nina bent low over her work, and said no more; but her silence did not look much like conviction. Cyril divined that Dame Oldum was preying on his cousin's allowance, and saw in this fact an explanation of her simple mourning attire. But why? What possible hold could she have upon Nina? He determined to know, if merely for her

protection. He formed the resolve of visiting Dame Oldum, and giving her to understand that Nina had a powerful ally, who would not permit her to be trifled with for any sordid ends she—Dame Oldum—might have in view. He suspected that Nina would not thank him for his interference, but he would tell her of his intention before he put it into execution, and then if she objected she must be treated as a child who was incapable of understanding her own interests, and be served in spite of herself. Some day she would thank him, if not now, and he would patiently wait for that day, fully rewarded beforehand by seeing her happy and free once more.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The Actions on the Weldon Railroad, Aug. 30 and 31.

EARLY on the morning of the 18th of August the 6th corps moved out in the direction of the Weldon railroad and struck it about noon, at a point about five or possibly six miles from Petersburg. The several divisions of the corps followed each other on the march, the 1st division (Gen. Griffin's) having the advance. This division, on reaching the railroad, immediately commenced work by destroying it, and the 2d division (Gen. Ayres's) pushing on, crossed it and advanced from two to three miles beyond. Of the engagement which ensued on the afternoon of that day, the details and list of casualties have already been forwarded. The result, briefly stated, was that after being driven back first, then rallying and driving the enemy, we occupied at night the position (or nearly the same) assumed in the early part of the afternoon.

The earlier part of Friday (the 19th) was employed in better establishing our position and fortifying. Gen. Crawford, commanding 3d division, finding that in the attempt to connect his right with our works, near the Jerusalem plankroad, he had too much extended and weakened his line, sent to Gen. Warren that he needed more troops on his right, and accordingly Bragg's brigade, of the 4th division, and the troops of the 9th corps were on their way towards that part of the line, when, at about four p.m., the enemy commenced a furious attack with it, it is believed, Hill's and Brockridge's corps. On the right of Gen. Crawford's line Bragg's brigade, of the 4th division, was quickly swept back by the impetuous charge, and a portion of the 3d division, which was now attacked on the right flank, also were driven back with considerable loss. Gen. Wilcox's division of the 9th corps had by this time arrived on the ground, and hastening to get into position, soon became warmly engaged, holding the enemy in check with great difficulty, until the arrival of Gen. White with the 1st division of the 9th corps, which turned the scale in our favor.

On the left and in the centre the engagement was also very sharp, the enemy attacking with a heavy force and fighting with great determination. Here, as on the right, we were temporarily forced back. Gen. Hay's brigade, of Ayres's division, which was armed with the Spencer repeating rifles, resolutely stood their ground, depending on the superiority of their arms to repulse the enemy up to the last moment. But the rest of the line having been swept back, they were left exposed on both flanks, and soon were surrounded.

Gen. Hays himself and a portion of his command, probably to the number of 600 or 650, unfortunately were made prisoners. As on the previous day, our men finally rallied and drove the enemy back from the ground he had taken from them, regaining the position they had lost.

Our line was formed about the same time as it was on that day, the 1st division being on the extreme left, connecting with the cavalry, which covered the railroad towards Ream's station. The 2d division was next, the 4th division was across the railroad, and the 3d division (Crawford's) was on the right, joining with the 9th corps, which connected the right of the new line with the left of the old one, near the Jerusalem plankroad.

During Saturday our men had strengthened the breastworks which they had temporarily erected, besides throwing up others *en echelon*.

Early this morning very heavy cannonading was opened by the enemy from their works further down, towards Petersburg, and our guns replied very briskly, neither party, however, doing the other any particular damage.

About seven a.m. a small force of the enemy were seen moving as if to make an attack on the 9th corps, but a few well-directed shells sent them out of sight rather quicker than they advanced.

Shortly after a strong column of the rebels emerged from the woods on the left of the railroad, and, forming in line, charged on what they believed to be our left flank, but which proved to be the left of Gen. Ayres's front line.

The rebels advanced in fine style and with the utmost confidence, evidently thinking the work before them was an easy piece of business, but what was their surprise on discovering a second line behind, and extending to the left of the first, from which a row of bayonets glinted, with a battery on the left and another on the right, pouring a cross fire into their ranks, almost every discharge causing large numbers to fall.

As soon as they discovered the critical position in which they were placed, the entire command made signs to indicate their willingness to surrender, and the order to cease firing passed along the breastworks. But as soon as they discovered this a large portion of them broke and started for the woods, the remainder coming in and surrendering themselves.

Our batteries sent several messengers after the retreating party, many of whom embraced mother earth instead of reaching their lines, and still remain where they fell, our guns recovering the entire field and preventing the bodies from being carried away.

The troops who made the charge consisted of the rebel divisions of Hoke and Buford Johnson, of Gen. Hill's corps, and were principally South Carolinians and Mississippians.

Among the prisoners are one Colonel, three Lieut.-Colonels and 37 Captains and Lieutenants.

The 2d corps had but just returned from the extreme right on the James river, when, on Monday the 22d, the 1st and 2d divisions of it were started off on a long, wet, muddy march to the extreme left, on the Weldon railroad. From that time up to yesterday they had been hard at work tearing up the railroad, burning the ties, twisting the rails, levelling embankments, destroying bridges and culverts, and as thoroughly as possible demolishing everything that could be of any service to the enemy in facilitating the repair of the road, in case it should again fall into their hands.

This work had been completely accomplished to a point between three and four miles south of Ream's station, making in all 10 miles of a road, or a little over that distance, effectually destroyed. The 1st division, under Gen. Miles, which had been at work south of Ream's station, returned to the entrenchments at that place on Wednesday evening. These entrenchments were the same thrown up by the 6th corps when sent out there to meet Wilson's cavalry, near the end of June.

On Thursday morning Gen. Gibbons's division was to have moved southward from Ream's station, to continue the destruction of the road still further towards Stony creek.

Starting along the road running to the left or east of the railroad, they turned to the right and crossed the latter about half a mile below Ream's, and had not proceeded half a mile further before the cavalry was checked by meeting a line of rebel skirmishers. Col. Smith then deployed as skirmishers the 1st Delaware regiment, supported by the 12th New Jersey regiment in the rear, and the 10th New York on the right flank.

Advancing this skirmish line parallel with that on the right of the railroad, its left flank resting near the same, Col. Smith pushed back the enemy's skirmishers until, on arriving in sight of a narrow swampy range extending from the railroad obliquely to the right, and with its acute angle on the side next to us, he found

their troops in line-of-battle beyond it and protected by small breastworks.

Between two and three skirmishing commenced in front of the 1st division, which occupied the works at Ream's station.

The pickets of the division were driven in, and a charge was then made on the entrenchments, which, however, was quickly repulsed.

The form of this line of entrenchments is that of a semi-circle, a segment of which includes a section of the railroad, the works crossing the latter a short distance north of Ream's station, and curving back so as to cross it again south of that place. Along this curved line the 1st division was posted by Gen. Miles, as follows: On the left was the 4th heavy artillery, Col. Alcock; next to this the 4th brigade of the division, under Lieut.-Col. Brodie, of the 61st New York; then the 3d brigade, under Major Byron, of the 88th New York; and on the right the 1st brigade, under Col. Lynch, of the 183d Pennsylvania. The 2d brigade does not appear by name, but was nevertheless in the engagement, being consolidated with the 3d.

As soon as it became evident by the attack on Gen. Miles's position that the enemy were in considerable force, Gen. Gibbon was ordered to fall back from his advanced position on the left, and connecting his right with the left of the 1st division, to form a line for the protection of the left flank and rear. The junction of his right with Miles's left was near the point where our breastworks crossed the railroad, and thence his line extended in such a curve as to bring his left nearly opposite Miles's right, the line of the latter fronting towards the west, while that of Gibbon's faced to the east and southeast. On his right, Gen. Gibbon placed his second brigade, Col. Murphy, and on his left the 3d brigade, Col. Smith, with the 19th Massachusetts and the 19th Maine, of the 1st brigade, in the centre.

The remainder of the 1st brigade, comprising five regiments, supported the centre of the 1st division, and were under command of Gen. Miles. Having thus disposed his line, Gen. Gibbon at once commenced the construction of breastworks along its entire extent.

The enemy having been repulsed, our skirmishers followed, advancing nearly to the position they had formerly held, and capturing a number of prisoners. Shortly after the enemy again advanced, and were again driven back with heavy loss; and their third assault, made about 4 p.m., was attended with a like satisfactory result.

In the first three charges the enemy used no artillery, but about 5 p.m. they opened a heavy, concentrated fire from a number of batteries, pouring a storm of shell and other missiles over the entire amphitheatre included within our lines. At some points our entrenchments were partially enveloped by their fire, while nearly the whole of Gen. Gibbon's division was subjected to an extremely troublesome fire, especially the rear, its line being within range of shot and shell that passed harmlessly over the entrenchments held by the 1st division.

To escape this they were obliged to get outside their own entrenchments into a position of nearly equal danger from the fire of skirmishers thrown out towards our left flank.

After about twenty minutes of this artillery fire, the enemy again made their appearance in front of Gen. Miles's division, their assault being directed mainly against his centre. Along nearly the entire line, and especially in front of the 5th brigade, the woods are very close to our entrenchments, which circumstance was favorable to the enemy in that it enabled them to form comparatively near our works without being discovered.

Emerging from the woods, they advanced in two lines of battle, with a force thought to have comprised Wilcox's entire division of Hill's corps and two brigades of Heth's. Our artillery and musketry greeted them as before with a rapid fire, but without checking their progress. On they came, with bayonets fixed and without firing a shot.

They approached our lines, gained the outside of our entrenchments, and at some points a hand to hand conflict ensued over the top of the breastworks, our men beating back the rebels with their bayonets, as they attempted to climb over. But soon it was found that our line was broken near the centre, and the gap once made rapidly grew wider, until nearly the entire line was swept back, leaving our breastworks and artillery in the hands of the enemy, from the left of the 1st division to a point considerably to the right of the centre. The 7th New York infantry is said to have been the first to give way.

The batteries left behind were batteries B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieut. Ferrine; Capt. Sleeper's battery, the 12th Massachusetts, and McKnight's battery, the 12th New York Independent. Their horses had all been shot early in the action, and the suddenness with which our men fell back rendered it impossible to get off the guns.

Capt. Sleeper, of the 12th Massachusetts, had been wounded during the afternoon, and was not in command when his battery was lost. It is said that the 4th New York Heavy Artillery, a considerable portion of them, stood their ground on the left where our line gave way, and rushing to the guns of the battery nearest to them, worked it till the enemy came on and surrounded them, capturing a considerable portion of them along with the battery.

Gen. Miles and other officers of his division, with great coolness and intrepidity, set to work to rally the men, who were pouring down from the left and hurrying to the rear, and in a short time succeeded in forming a line with its right resting against our breastworks near the right of our former line, at the point up to which that line had been held. At the same time Gen. Hancock ordered the 2d division to be faced about, and cheering and urging the men forward, led them in person in a charge at double quick across the space between their line and that of Gen. Miles, which, at the widest part was probably three-fourths of a mile in breadth.

This charge, which was made under a heavy fire both of musketry and artillery, was gallantly executed, and in conjunction with the line rallied by Gen. Miles instantly checked the enemy and regained our entrenchments for some distance further towards the left.

The 12th New Jersey regiment and portions of the 10th New York and 14th Connecticut, which voluntarily acted with the 12th artillery, are highly praised for their gallantry in driving the enemy from a position near the centre of our line opposite the station, where, after crossing our breastworks, they had established themselves behind an embankment on the railroad, which afforded them excellent protection, and to dislodge from which was a task of no slight difficulty and danger. Lieut.-Col. E. B. Thompson, of the 12th New Jersey, was severely wounded in making this charge.

On this charge of Gibbon's division the loss in killed and wounded was very severe, especially among the officers. Col. Smyth, commanding the 3d brigade, had his horse shot under him, and of 26 officers and nearly 300 men of his brigade lost during the day the majority were killed and wounded in this charge.

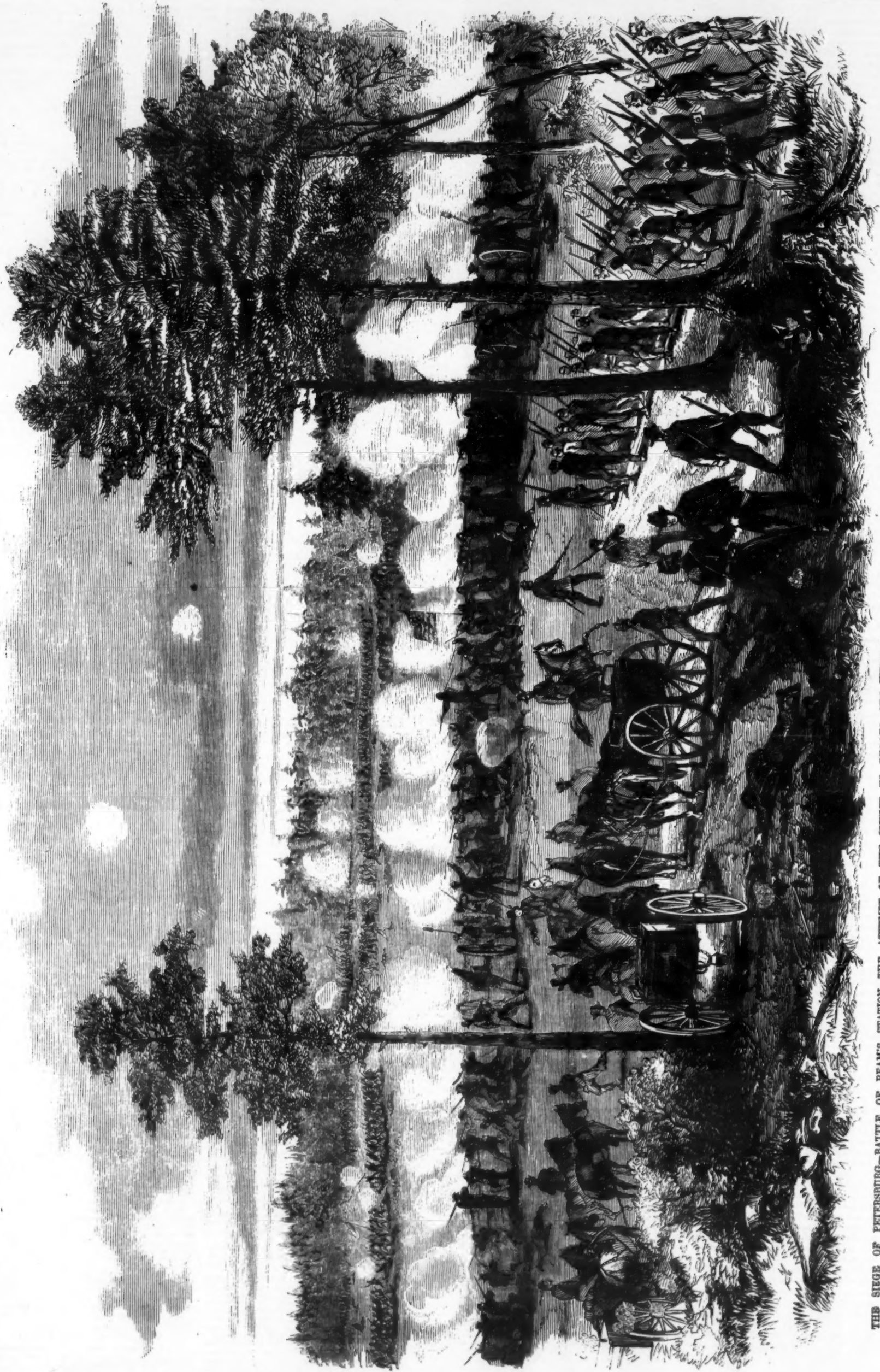
After the enemy had been checked in the centre and along that portion of the line against which they had chiefly directed their attack, the greater part of the 2d division had returned to their own entrenchments, and the combat seemed to have nearly died out, when suddenly the enemy, working their way round towards our left, struck the right flank and rear of Col. Murphy's brigade, which was driven towards the left.

By this time it was dark, and the fighting ended. About 8 p.m. we commenced retiring, which was accomplished without molestation. Nothing lost in abandoning our position, not a shot being fired by the enemy. We sacrificed nothing in abandoning the position at Ream's station, except, perhaps, the destruction of a few miles more of the railroad, and the enemy's detached situation and the force the enemy brought against us are considered, it is by no means surprising that we should have been for a time overpowered. The numbers opposed to us is estimated at from 15,000 to 17,000, and comprising Heth's and Wilcox's divisions of Hill's corps, and Field's division, with two other brigades of Anderson's, formerly Longstreet's corps.

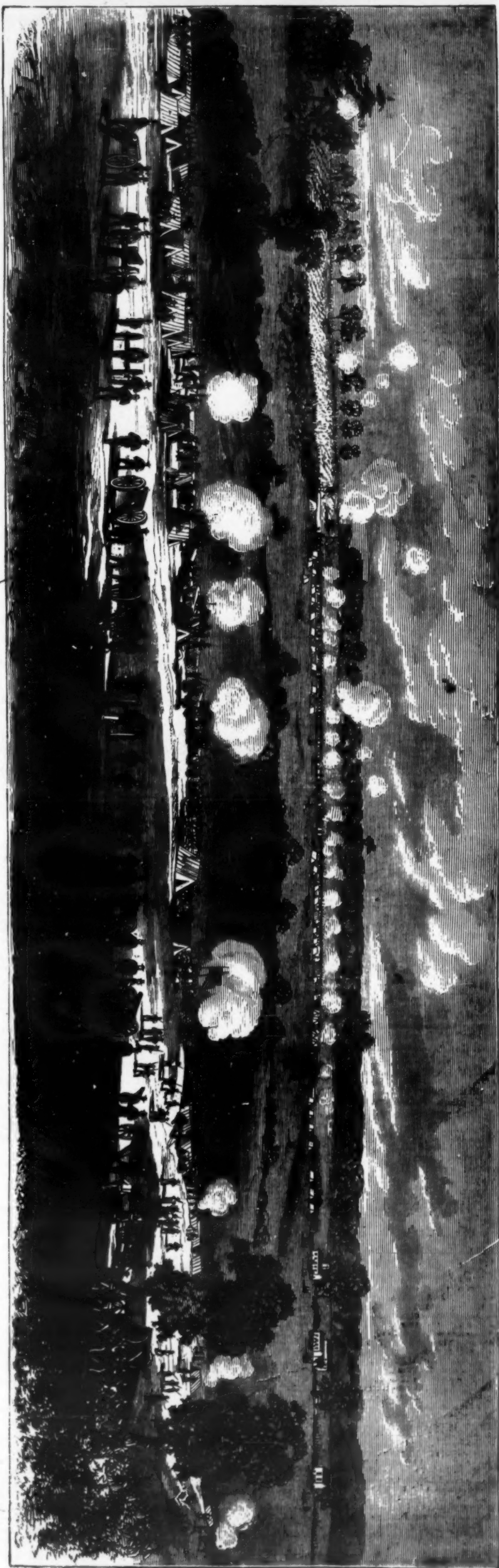
Our sketch shows our repulse of the last rebel assault.

A LITTLE girl walking in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, exclaimed:

"I wonder where all the bad people are buried!"



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF BEAM'S STATION—THE ATTEMPT OF THE ENEMY TO REGAIN THE WELDON RAILROAD, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 25TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. BAKER.



SIDE OF FREDERICK—SEMI-ARTIST, SATURDAY, AUG. 20, TO REPAIR THE WILLOW RAILROAD—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BREWER.



Episcopal Church.

REBELLION'S CAMPAIN—THE UNION FORCES FALLING BACK THROUGH CHARLESTOWN, AUG. 21, 8 A. M.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR, FROM JOHN HORTON'S YARD.

Court House.

Shoreland's Headquarters.

Rebel Skirmishers in distance.

Union Battery.

THE THREE CALLERS.

MORN calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calleth—but still he thinks of naught save play-
ing;

And so she smiles and waves him an adieu!
While he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that MORN, sweet MORN, returns no
more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time; he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jessamine
growing,

And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the Western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low,
By which a gray-hair'd man is sadly dreaming
Of pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more!

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.

A FRIEND of mine was lately riding in com-
pany with three others, in single file, along the narrow
strip of land which connects the peninsula of Jaffa
with the island of Ceylon, when suddenly his horse
sprang to one side in a manner so unexpected as nearly
to unsettle him. It appeared that an alligator which had
been lying by the side of the lagoon had made a spring
at the horse's legs as he passed. One of the gentlemen
who was riding behind my friend, and who had seen
the whole proceeding, was so strongly impressed with
the idea that the horse had been touched by the alligator,
that he was not satisfied until he had dismounted and
examined the horse's legs.

This is unquestionably one of the coolest pieces of
impertinence I have ever heard of on the part of a tank
alligator; and having heard of it I shall certainly be
more cautious about going into tanks where alligators
are, up to my waist, for half an hour at a time.

I remember once watching the proceedings of allig-
ators in a tank in this neighborhood. I espied on the
opposite side of a tank two black curlew, birds of most
delicate flavor, but very shy. My gun carrier was a
good way in the rear, and as the curlew were moving
quietly along, I rode into the tank to watch them.
There were several alligators about me, and the way
they went to work was this: A fellow would rise to the
surface and look at my pony and me to see where we
were. Then he would sink and come up again a little
nearer and go down again, and come up and have
another look to see where we were. At last my gun was
brought and I had my shot at the curlew, and saw no
more of the alligators, who always take alarm at the
sound of a gun.

I omitted to mention that on his return a day or two
after, my friend kept a lookout for his enemy, and dis-
covered him once more on the bank—he gave him a
two-ounce rifle ball, which made a long scar along his
back; however a wound like that does not usually prove
fatal at once, and the alligator succeeded in getting
away.

The magistrate at Mullativee one morning found that
an alligator had sought the hospitable shelter of the
court-house during the night, and a gentleman at Bat-
tistion found another in his stable.

An old sportsman in Jaffa, who had an endless stock
of tales, used to tell how he had once shot several allig-
ators with grains of rice instead of ball! After he had
tested the credulity of his hearers to a moderate degree,
he would add that the alligators were about nine inches
long. They were young ones which he killed as speci-
mens.

However loathsome-looking an animal an old alligator
may be, the young alligators are not so very disgusting.
In fact, the bright yellow bars which alternate with the
black ones are rather pretty than otherwise. I had one
in a vivarium, and the vicious little beast used to nip
my fingers when I tried to feed it. It got out one night,
and I don't know what became of it.

A moorman caught a young alligator in his fishing
kral in the Matura River, and I went to see it. It was
alive, and to all appearances there was no reason why,
if left alone, it should not grow up to alligator's estate—
its length was about three and a half feet. Thinking
that this would be a good opportunity for testing the
correctness of what I had heard in the north of the
island about the remarkable effect of lime upon the allig-
ator, I asked a man to bring me some, on which he
procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chun-
amb, or lime prepared from shells, which the natives
are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the
areca palm and the leaves of the betel creeper. The
lime had previously been moistened with water. Hav-
ing opened the jaws of our unfortunate victim—an op-
eration to which it submitted with exemplary resignation
when it found it could not prevent it—we inserted,
as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of
chunamb about as large as a pigeon's egg, after which
we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned
over on its side and on its back, and appeared paralysed;
soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead.

After about five minutes it revived a little. I could not
remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to
where it had been experimented on, when I found that
it was dead, and learnt that it had died within two hours
of my leaving. On examining its mouth, I found that
the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the
throat, just where it had been placed. I do not remem-
ber to have read in any work on animals of this antipathy
of the alligator to lime; and it still remains to be
explained how it is that a substance of that nature, es-
pecially prepared for the use of man, and by him daily
chewed, should have so powerful and instantaneous an
effect upon an animal otherwise so tenacious of life,
when merely placed in the mouth, without being swal-
lowed. The experiment may appear to have been a
cruel one, and yet, perhaps, it was the speediest and
easiest mode of killing the alligator. I may now ven-
ture to state that the Tamula have an idea that if a bul-
let be filled with lime before firing at an alligator, it
will, wherever it penetrates, cause a wound that will
prove mortal. I have, since making the experiment
related above, been told that it is not uncommon for the
Singhalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime,
and to place it near an alligator's haunts, knowing that
if he swallows the lime death will ensue.

Mullativee, mentioned just now, is an isolated station,
where the magistrate is the only European, and admin-
isters justice in a patriarchal way. Close to the court
is a tank full of alligators, and as the magistrate sat on
his bench he could see them crawl out and back in the
sunshine. So he used to take his rifle with him to
court, and keep it ready loaded beside him. In the
middle of the examination of a witness the clerk of the
court would turn round and say, "Sir, sir, there's an
alligator." Down would go the pen, up would go the
rifle, bang! and out would rush the clerk and inter-
preter to see what damage had been done. After a few
minutes they would come in again to report, and then
business would proceed as before.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

QUIET, ladylike society—Dumb-belles.

"THESE notes enliven me," as the man said
on receiving a remittance.

If a woman were to change her sex, what
would she become? A he-ben.

WHAT lawyer presides over railway and steam
excursions? Cok.

WHICH city is made of the lightest materials?
Cork.

FRANKLIN describes a bachelor as half of a
pair of scissors, unfit for aught but to scrape a trencher.

"I'll be shot if I stay," as the partridge said
to the double-barrelled gun.

It is a popular delusion to believe that pow-
der on a lady's face has the same effect as that in a
musket, namely, to cause her to go off.

A TAILOR who, in skating, fell through the
ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot
goose for a cold duck.

"WHY do you use so much tobacco?" said
an Englishman to an American.

"Because I chew," was the reply.

My first is the love of little ladies, my second
the love of a fish, my whole a strange monster of the
deep. Dol-phish.

SYDNEY SMITH speaks of a man so dry, that
if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet sawdust
would come out.

A COACHMAN, extolling the sagacity of one of
his horses, observed that "if anybody was to go for to
use him ill, he would bear malice like a Christian."

A STRANGER to law courts, hearing a judge
call a sergeant "brother," expressed his surprise.

"Oh," said one present, "they are brothers—brothers-
in-law."

SOON after Sir Henry Rivers took orders, he
was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become
a bishop.

"Indeed!" said Sir Henry; "why so?"

"Because rivers invariably go to the seas."

A LADY performed, in the presence of Dr.
Johnson, a sonata on the pianoforte, and after it was
ended asked the learned doctor's opinion of it.

"Madam," said he, "of all noises I think music is
the least disagreeable."

In a small party, the subject turning on
matrimony, a lady said to her sister:

"I wonder, my dear, you have never made a match;
I think you want the brimstone!"

She replied: "No, not the brimstone; only the
spark!"

MALESHERBE having dined with the bishop
of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him
to adjourn from the table to the church, where he was
then going to preach.

"Pardon me," said Malesherbe, "but I can sleep
very well where I am."

A POOR woman who had attended several
confirms, was at length recognised by the bishop.

"Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his
lordship.

"Yes," replied the woman; "I get me confirmed as
often as I can. They tell me it is good for the
rheumatism!"

SHERIDAN made his appearance one day in a
pair of new boots. These attracting the notice of some
of his friends, he asked them to guess how he came by
them.

Several unsuccessful conjectures were offered.

"No," said Sheridan, "you're none of you right. I
bought them and paid for them!"

THE following dialogue is said to have taken
place recently between a married couple on their
travels:

"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"

"Quite, thank you, dear."

"Sure there's plenty of room for your feet?"

"Quite sure, love."

"And no cold air from the window by your ear?"

"Quite certain, darling."

"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

It is told of a well-known American map
agent, that on a recent trip he was attacked by highway
robbers, who demanded his money. Being more pru-
dent than to carry money in the country, they failed in
making a haul. "But," said our Yankee, "I have
some splendid maps of the country along with me which
I would like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was
off his horse, had a map stuck up on a pole, and ex-
plained it so effectually, that he sold each of the banditti
a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey.

WHICH of our dogs does the dogstar most re-
semble? A kye terrier.

WHEN is a black dog not a black dog?
When it's a greyhound.

WHY is a game at cards like a timber yard?
Because there are always a number of deals in it.

WHEN is an umbrella not an umbrella?
When it is dripping.

"I FEEL rather dull to-day," as the razor
said after it had been used to open oysters.

"THAT'S a moving sight," as the stage-
coachman said of the railway train.

A GOVERNMENT, advertising for a situation,
says she "is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

WHEN is a schoolboy like a farm-servant in
July? When he is making A.

DR. BAXTON, of Morton College, Oxford,
said the fellows of his college wished to have an organ,
"but he put a stop to it."

In a hotel here, says the *Trinidad News*, a
man named Drum is the barkeeper. His friends call
him the "spirit-stirring drum."

WHY is an Irish row like railway travelling?
Because it is a very common species of low commo-
tion.

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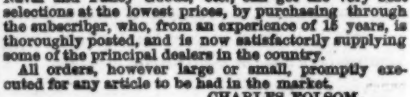
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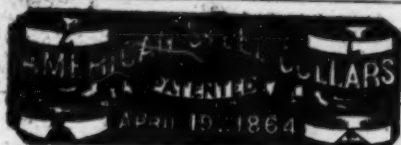
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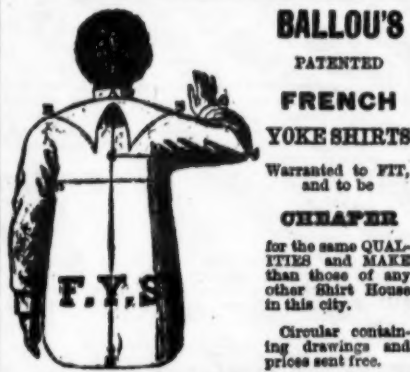
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